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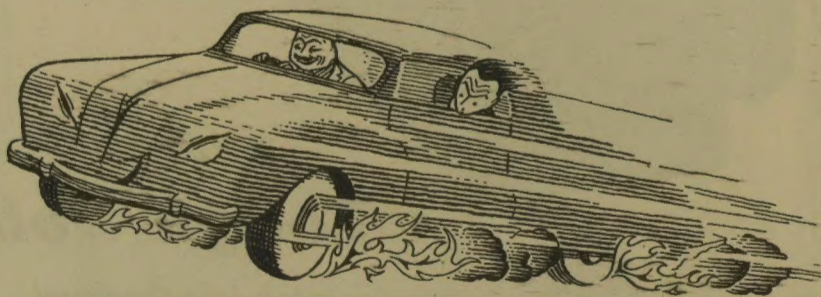
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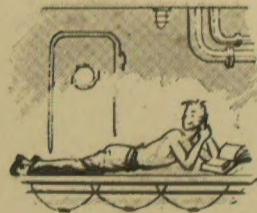
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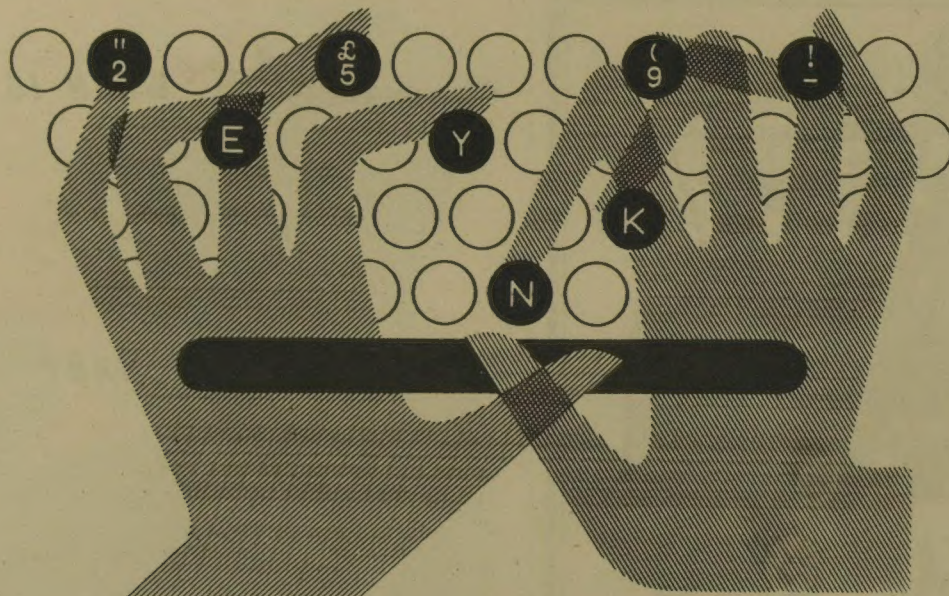


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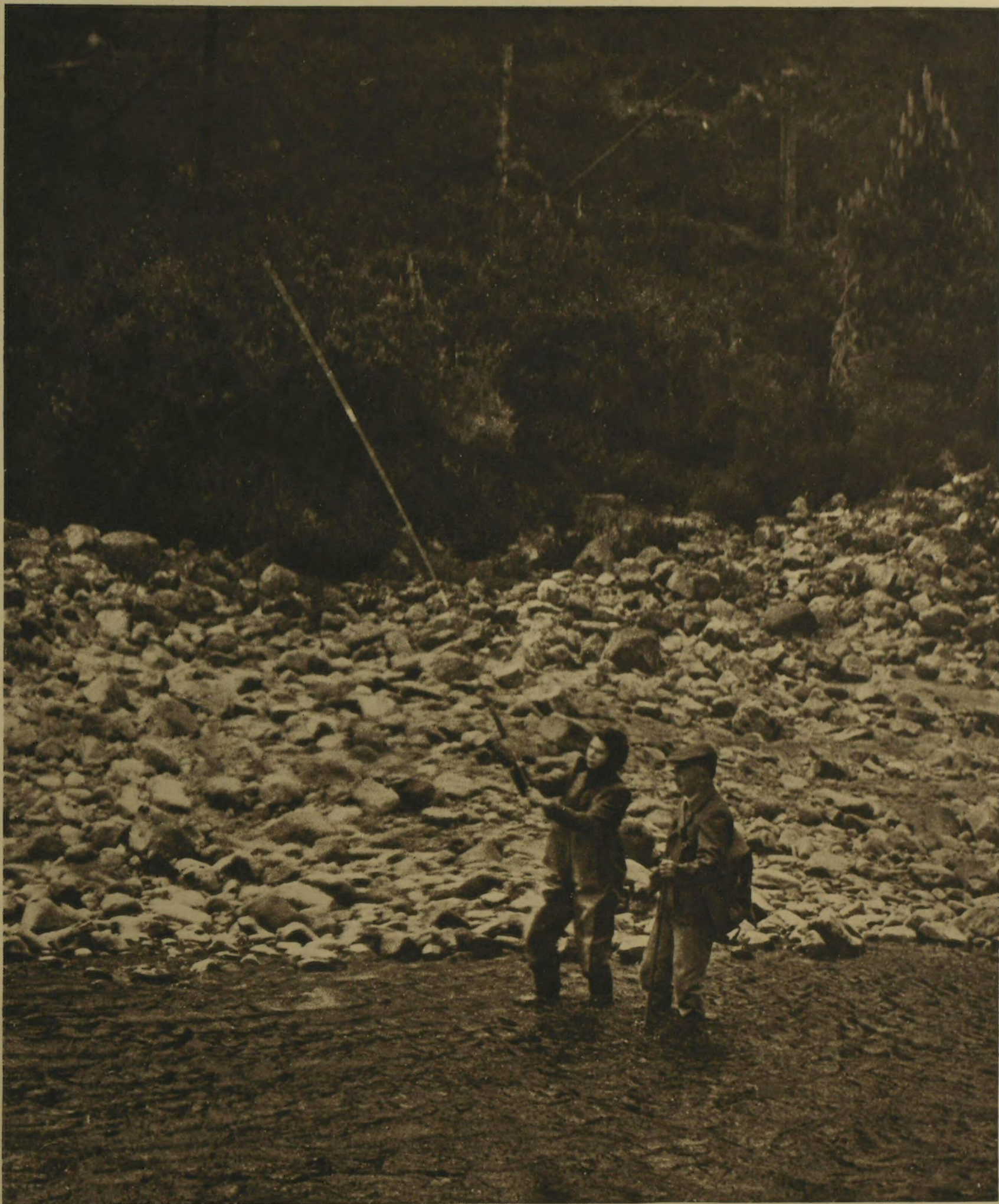
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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1952.



A ROYAL ANGLER: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, ON HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND, FISHING FOR SALMON ON THE DEE.

The Queen's love of outdoor life is a national characteristic which is shared by the majority of her subjects. She is a fine horsewoman and is also extremely fond of fishing, although State affairs and official engagements allow her little time to enjoy this absorbing pastime. The short holiday which her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh were able to take at Balmoral over Whitsuntide

gave her the opportunity of salmon-fishing on the famous reach of the Dee on the Balmoral estate. Our photograph shows her wearing waders and a tweed jacket, with a scarf tied round her head, casting with a two-handed rod. The Duke of Edinburgh was also fishing, two miles downstream, when this photograph was taken.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE Korean truce negotiations, or, rather, the Korean war—for, as everyone knows, they are truce negotiations that are also a war—have reached a curious impasse. They appear, though this may be an appearance only, to turn now solely on the question whether those North Korean prisoners, who have expressed a strong wish to remain on the American side of the Iron Curtain, should be allowed to remain there or should be repatriated with a general exchange of prisoners. At first sight there appears a great deal to be said on both sides. For the Chinese and North Koreans, who furiously dispute this claim of the Americans or United Nations to differentiate between their prisoners, and who declare they will never yield on such a point, it can be argued that under the normal rules of war that have long prevailed between civilised nations the exercise of such an invidious right by one combatant is utterly inadmissible. It is a cardinal principle of international law that prisoners should be returned when peaceful relationships between warring Powers have been restored. Under such law their captors have no right to subject them to a screening process and decide who shall be returned and who not.

Against this contention, however, there is a very simple argument, though not one, it must be admitted, likely to produce a peaceful frame of mind or to bring the negotiations for an armistice to a happy conclusion, or any conclusion at all but renewed war. It is that of the two combatants one is not, by Western standards, a civilised Power at all, and that rules drawn up for use between civilised nations are inapplicable in such a case. No one supposes that when, say, Great Britain and Italy agree to restore their prisoners to one another at the end of a war, 50 per cent. or more of them will be massacred or sent to penal concentration camps. Yet this is precisely what everyone who knows anything about Communist practice realises will inevitably happen to every returned prisoner who has shown the slightest wavering in his loyalty to the Communist creed during his imprisonment. It is among the first duties of a good Communist to spy upon those who are not Communists, or are only lukewarm or diversionist ones, and to hand them over to condign punishment as soon as the opportunity for doing so occurs. By such means is the Faith established and preserved. To suppose otherwise in this year of disillusionment 1952—for much has happened since the innocent days of, say, 1936—is to suppose that water does not wet, or fire does not burn. "Such things," as Nelson used to say, "are." And probably half, or more than half, the Communist prisoners in Korea went into battle without being Communists at all. They went into battle because they were compelled to. They knew that if they refused to do so they and their families would be destroyed by the ruthless and fanatic Communists now in control of China and North Korea. Few of us in their position would have done otherwise. Nor should we be alive to tell the tale had we done so.

That being so, what are we and our American allies to do? This is not a war between normal civilised Western nations, such as international law was devised by and for. It is not a national war at all. The Americans, British, Australians, Scandinavians, Turks, and other national contingents who are fighting it have no national quarrel with North Korea or China; they do not want the latter's territory or trade or anything that is theirs. They are not even at war with China at all, and they have exercised a restraint almost unprecedented in the annals of battle in order to avoid being so. They are merely resisting the arrogant claim of Communists in power to enforce their rule on other peoples by force of arms. And this is precisely what the Communists will do, if they gain power over them, not only to the South Koreans, whom for the past two years we have been defending,

but to the reluctant Chinese and North Korean conscripts formerly in their hands and now, by virtue of our victories, in ours. How can the Government of the United States, founded on the principle that all men are born with an "inalienable right" to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," deliver those who plead with them for their lives and freedom over to the iron murderers and gaolers of the Communist political priesthood?

There are many, however, in this country—and not merely Communists and fellow-travellers—who do not share this American view of the case. They do not share it, not only because, like most Englishmen, they seldom give much thought to first principles, but because they do not consider that rules which apply to western men should be made to apply to Orientals. They regard—whatever they may say—Orientals as a species of men different from themselves and subject to different principles. And to do them justice the English have had far more experience than Americans in dealing with Orientals and, until recent years when they lost faith in themselves and their own methods of personal

rule, have been, on the whole, remarkably successful in dealing with them. The Americans, on the other hand—as witness the recent riots in the Kojé prisoners' camp—have often been extraordinarily inept in their dealings with Orientals. The reason for this is obvious. The Americans, with a few notable exceptions like General MacArthur, have had little or no experience of dealing with Orientals in anything but trade. For two centuries the British, with an hereditary race of men dedicated, generation after generation, to residing among and ruling Orientals, have had a great deal. Even to-day there are probably thousands of Englishmen, living in retirement in Cheltenham or Bath, who could take over the Kojé prisoners' camp and, with the help of a few companies of British or Gurkha infantry, reduce it without the least fuss or bloodshed to orderly placidity in a few weeks. That was, indeed, the justification for England's two-centuries-old trusteeship in the East. We fell, during the 'twenties and 'thirties, into an unthinking habit of deriding Colonel Blimp as a useless anachronism. He was, in fact, supremely useful. Had



IN LONDON TO DISCUSS MATTERS OF COMMON CONCERN TO THE TWO GOVERNMENTS: MR. MENZIES (LEFT), PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA, IN THE GARDEN AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, DURING HIS PRELIMINARY TALK WITH MR. CHURCHILL ON MAY 26.

As recorded in our last issue, Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, arrived at London Airport on May 24 for an official visit to this country. He is here at the invitation of Mr. Churchill to discuss matters of common concern to the two Governments. On May 26 Mr. Menzies had an audience of the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and he and Mrs. Menzies were entertained at luncheon there. In the afternoon and evening Mr. Menzies had his first meetings with Mr. Churchill and with United Kingdom Ministers. The chief matters that have been discussed during the Australian Prime Minister's visit have included the restrictions the Australian Government has imposed on imports from the sterling area; some difficulties confronting Australia in her defence planning; and the sterling-dollar position. Arrangements for Mr. Menzies' visit included a reception at Australia House; attendance at the Royal Tournament and at the Trooping the Colour ceremony on the Queen's birthday, June 5; and a visit to the Harwell Research Station. It was arranged to confer the Freedom of the City of London on the Australian Prime Minister at Guildhall on June 4.

we not, partly under American pressure, discarded him and his antique but peaceful rule, there would be no war in Korea to-day.

That, however, does not affect the fundamental point of American principle, though one hopes that one day in the not too distant future a realisation of this fact will come to affect American practice. The Americans make no distinction between Orientals and other men. They regard all men as being fundamentally the same. The only exception to this universal rule for them are negroes residing in the United States of America. Whatever the English might do if they were in control of the Korean armistice negotiations—and one can feel fairly sure that they would compromise at some point or another (Scotsmen, I hope, will observe that I have deliberately left them out of this!)—Americans are almost certain to remain firm on this point. They would be hauling down Old Glory, and all it stands for, if they were to do otherwise.

And in the last resort, whatever their blunders in day-by-day practice, I believe that the Americans, by insisting on this principle, are defending the truth on which our whole civilisation rests. It is the central point of the Christian faith: the sanctity and, therefore, freedom of the individual. That every man should have a right of choice is the cardinal principle of Christianity. Those against whom we are contending, not only in Korea but in every other part of the world, do not hold this belief. They hold, on the contrary, that no man should have any right of choice, which must always be exercised for them by the Communist State. Here is the underlying issue over which West and East are contending, and it is well that we should see it for what it is.

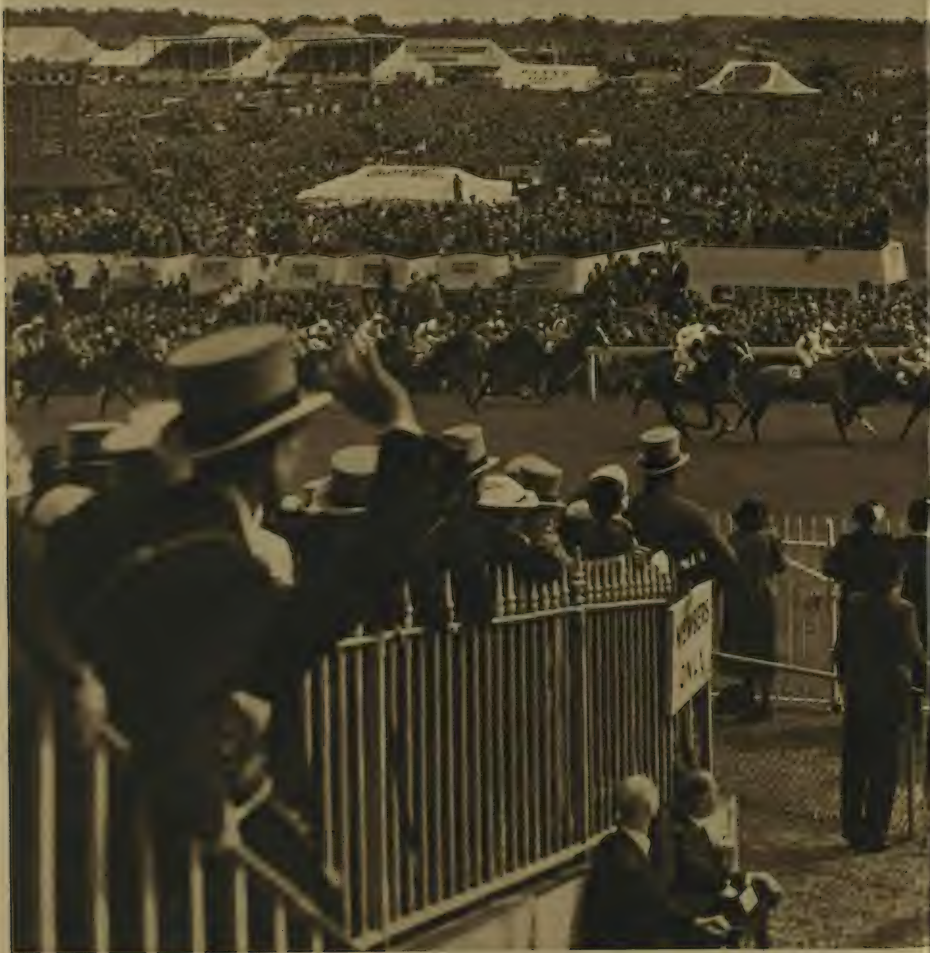


THE QUEEN'S FIRST OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY PHOTOGRAPH: HER MAJESTY IN EVENING DRESS, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN MESS DRESS OF THE ROYAL NAVY, WITH THE RIBBON AND INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Her Majesty the Queen celebrated the first official birthday of her reign on June 5, when she arranged to take the salute at the Sovereign's Birthday Parade on Horse Guards Parade. Court mourning ended on May 31, and the photograph which we reproduce is a command portrait study of her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen is wearing a ball dress of

smoke-grey tulle and lace, needlerun with silver thread. Her sapphire-and-diamond necklace was a wedding gift from her father, his late Majesty King George VI.; the tiara a present from her grandmother, Queen Mary; and the diamond bracelet was given her by her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. On our front page we give a photograph of the Queen fishing in Scotland.

Royal Command Portrait by Baron.



THE FINISH OF THE 1952 DERBY: TULYAR, C. SMIRKE UP, PASSING THE POST, WITH GAY TIME

The 1952 Derby, run on May 28, was the richest in the history of the race, being worth £24,220. It was also the fifth win for the Aga Khan, who has now equalled Lord Egremont's record, made over a century ago. *Tulyar*, which he owns in partnership with the Aly Khan, ridden by C. Smirke and trained by M. Marsh, finished

three-quarters of a length ahead of Mrs. J. V. Rank's *Gay Time*, with M. F. Dupré's *Faubourg II* lying third. *Tulyar*, by *Tekran* out of *Neocracy*, started favourite at 11-2. *Gay Time* spread a plate in the paddock and was late out, and then, after passing the finishing-post, slipped and threw his jockey, L. Piggott. He was



THREE-QUARTERS OF A LENGTH BEHIND AND THE FRENCH HORSE FAUBOURG II. LYING THIRD.

caught by a stable head lad a mile away and brought back to the unsaddling enclosure, where Piggott was weighed in, with his saddle, for the second time. In the meantime Piggott thought that he had ground for an objection, but after a conference with Mrs. Rank and her trainer, N. Cannon, it was decided not to raise one. During

the race *Marsyas*, owned by M. Boussac, broke a fetlock rounding Tattenham Corner and was pulled up by his jockey. He had to be destroyed. Gordon Richards led the field round Tattenham Corner, but *Monarch Moré* could not make the running, and *Tulyar* moved up to take the lead a full quarter-mile from the post.



AT THE FIRST EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS FOR FOURTEEN YEARS: SEMINARISTS ENTERING THE MONTJUICH STADIUM, BARCELONA.

Eleven cardinals, over 200 bishops and thousands of pilgrims from many parts of the world attended the thirty-fifth world Eucharistic Congress, which opened in Barcelona on May 27 and ended on June 1. The Congress was the first of its kind for fourteen years, and the second to be held in Spain since the inception of the series in Lille in 1881. The purpose of the Congress was to "acknowledge and expand the Kingdom of Christ." The Papal Legate, Mgr. Tedischini, was given a twenty-one-gun salute on his arrival by train from Italy and a vociferously

enthusiastic reception by the pilgrims. General Franco took part in the Eucharistic Congress and addressed 500,000 Roman Catholic pilgrims who gathered for open-air High Mass on June 1. In the evening the Sacred Host was carried in procession through Barcelona to the altar in the Square of Pius XII., where the crowds heard the voice of the Pope broadcasting from Rome. Our photograph shows the scene on May 31, when hundreds of seminarians arrived at the Montjuich Stadium, at Barcelona, where they were ordained priests.

ROYAL OCCASIONS, AND NEW APPOINTMENTS, ECCLESIASTICAL AND MILITARY.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER INSPECTING THE KING'S TROOP, THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, BEFORE THEY GAVE THEIR MUSICAL DRIVE AT THE BATH AND WEST SHOW, HELD THIS YEAR AT WOLLATON PARK, NOTTINGHAM.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT ENNISKILLEN RECEIVING FROM THE MAYOR THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH ON BEHALF OF THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS, OF WHICH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF.



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER ADMIRING ROSES AND CARNATIONS IN THE HORTICULTURAL SECTION OF THE ROYAL ULSTER AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW, WHICH SHE AND THE DUKE VISITED DURING THEIR ULSTER TOUR.

During the last week of May, T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester paid a visit to Ulster. On May 23 the Duchess received the freedom of the city of Belfast and later in the day the Duke and Duchess visited the Ulster Show at Balmoral. The next day they visited Enniskillen for ceremonies in connection with The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, of whom the Duke is Colonel-in-Chief. On May 25 they attended an Empire Day service at Armagh Cathedral, later flying back to London. On May 29 they attended the Bath and West Show at Nottingham.



THE "BISHOP-ELECT AND CONFIRMED" OF WINCHESTER KNOCKING AT THE CATHEDRAL DOOR FOR ADMISSION TO THE CEREMONY AT WHICH HE WAS ENTHRONED.

On May 27 the Right Rev. Alwyn Williams, until recently Bishop of Durham, and a former Headmaster of Winchester College, was enthroned Bishop of Winchester, being installed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Among the dignitaries present at the ceremony was the Most Rev. Athenagoras, the Archbishop of Thyateira. After the ceremony there was a civic reception at the Guildhall.



THE NEW CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: GENERAL SIR JOHN HARDING, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., WHO SUCCEEDS FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM AS C.I.G.S., WITH EFFECT FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1952.

It was announced on May 26 that her Majesty the Queen had approved the appointment of General Sir John Harding as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, with effect from November 1 this year. General Sir John Harding, who has been Commander-in-Chief, B.A.O.R., since August 30, 1951, was born in 1896 and educated at Ilminster Grammar School. During the first two-and-a-half years of the 1914-18 War he served in the Territorial Army, being commissioned in The Somerset Light Infantry in 1917. From 1916 to 1921 he served with the Machine Gun Corps, winning the M.C. At the outbreak of the last war he was commanding the 1st Battalion, The Somerset Light Infantry. From 1940 he served in various appointments in the Middle East and Western Desert and was wounded at El Alamein when commanding the 7th Armoured Division. In January, 1944, he rejoined Lord Alexander as C.G.S. Allied Armies in Italy, and later the same year became Chief of Staff, Allied H.Q., Mediterranean Theatre, and subsequently G.O.C. 13th Corps, C.M.F. In July, 1947, he became G.O.C.-in-C., Southern Command, and in 1949 C.-in-C., Far East, Land Forces, until August 1951, when he was appointed C.-in-C., B.A.O.R.

Studio portrait by Waller Stoneman, F.R.P.S.

A WESTERN WOMAN'S TRAVELS IN THE SOVIET UNION.

"MIRROR TO RUSSIA"; by MARIE NOËLE KELLY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



LADY KELLY, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Lady Kelly is the wife of Sir David Kelly, who was British Ambassador in Moscow from 1949 to 1951. Daughter of the late Comte de Jourda de Vaux, of Brussels, she married Sir David Kelly in 1929, and has two sons. She is also the author of "Turkish Delights," a book of personal impressions of the Turkish scene and records of journeys made in that country during the time that her husband was H.M. Ambassador in Ankara.

Photograph by Lenare.

LADY KELLY, wife of our former Ambassador in Moscow, takes as her motto a sentence from that famous early Victorian traveller, the Marquis de Custine: "*Je ne suis pas même peintre, car les peintres composent; je tâche de devenir miroir.*" She could not have described her book better. It reflects things seen. Wherever she went—and she and her husband seem to have gone wherever they were

allowed to go—a keen pair of eyes and a camera went with her, and here, in prose and picture, are the images of the things they saw. Her ears, so far as human speech is concerned, were very little employed. There were the servants in the hotels, and there were the guides and caretakers in the museums and ecclesiastical monuments: these could purvey bortsch or caviare, or, in careful English, offer information about the princes, saints and warriors of an extinct civilisation. Always at the heels of the visitors, never recognised by so much as a nod, were the members of the police bodyguard, an effective stopper on conversation from the Russian end. Always, if they wished to go farther from Moscow than Guildford is from London, special permission had to be obtained. (I believe that, of late, we have imposed similar retaliatory restrictions here on diplomats from behind the Iron Curtain, which seems to me quite silly, if we really wish to give at least a few of them a notion as to what freedom is.) Talk with the population they could not; no chance had Lady Kelly to discover what was going on in the minds of the inhabitants of collective farms or concentration camps; and any of us, all these miles away, could make as good a conjecture as she as to the designs of "the 13 Men in the Kremlin," with some of whom, at rare intervals, in an official crowd, she was able to have an uninformative vodka or some non-committing caviare, as many of our politicians at home occasionally do in that Embassy in Palace Gardens. But she saw and recorded many things; things which give a clue to the enduring Russia.

The characters of nations (determined by blood, history and geography, which includes climate) do not greatly change. "Who can be Happy and Free in Russia?" was the title of a long poem by Nekrasoff. When the first Russian Revolution broke out (welcomed by the innocent Bonar Law with "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive," not remembering the Terror or the later reactions of the Wordsworth whom he quoted), I saw a letter to Maurice Baring from a philosophic Russian nobleman, who said that the Liberals would soon be ousted by the extremists and that a Romanoff Czar would be succeeded by a Socialist Czar, with all the old appurtenances of bureaucrats, spies and secret police. Fact has outstripped the Count's predictions. "Looking back," says Lady Kelly, "on all my Russian travels as a whole and in their human aspect, the outstanding impressions that remain with me are that the Russian has no feeling

of class warfare, although privilege is everywhere manifest; that the adult population looks passive and rather tense; that they talk little and in low voices in restaurants as in the streets; that no one ever seems to have time to stand about gossiping and laughing. . . . This was common to all the purely Russian cities; the sad, purposeful look of the people corresponded to the complete absence of every sort of appeal connected with amusement. In modern Russia you seldom see an advertisement for any kind of holiday travel; the advertisements of the cinemas invariably emphasize the solemn, humourless and irredeemable warmongers abroad or show up unworthy factory managers at home. Except for one small racecourse in Moscow, where most of the events are trotting races, there is practically no racing in the Union. Tennis hardly exists outside some public parks. Golf is, of course, unknown, though it had

the cottage in which Holy Stalin was born), Odessa (the rest of the Black Sea coast was strictly forbidden) and Kiev; the names box the compass of Russia in Europe. The travels covered many thousands of miles; but the travellers, closely guarded, were in a sort of glass coach all the time: they could see but they could not hear. The result is that Lady Kelly's book records not a journey through the present, but a journey through the past. Everywhere she and her camera are recording remains of the old Holy and Imperial Russia—museums, churches, monasteries, icons, paintings, frescoes, tremendous hoards of treasures accumulated by monarchs and priests. Now and then, as we go with her past the impressive groups of helmet and onion domes, and the many-coloured walls, brilliant against the snow, we encounter a cathedral which is still used for worship, bells ringing and monks chanting. More often we find edifices

preserved as public monuments, or used as arsenals or chicken hatcheries. And sometimes we come across a once lovely building, with a Romanesque base and an Oriental top, which is merely empty. These are the grimmest of all: the faith has gone and nothing has taken its place.

Even under the Bolsheviks, those dogmatic Roundheads, Russia cannot help being Russia. Even the most theoretic Government is obliged to pay respect to the heroes of the race (Peter the Great chief amongst them) and preserve and boast about the finest products of the race. So we have the paradox of frescoes of Christ and the Apostles being zealously preserved, while Christ himself is denied. Some private things are also carefully kept: the homes of Tolstoy and Tchaikovsky, for example, both of which seem to be about as hopelessly Victorian as the rep and horse-hair study of Ibsen which they show in the Oslo Museum.

The great palaces which Rastrelli, and the Scotsman Cameron, built for the Tsars, are being carefully restored; Leningrad may have been deserted for Moscow, which Peter left for his window to the West, but there is still a wistful cherishing of the relics of European influence. On the whole, it looks as though they don't know where they are. There are hankerings after

historic Russia, there are hankerings after European "bourgeois" culture, there are hankerings after American industrialism, there are hankerings of a universal and Messianic type. But there is also that climate. "General Winter" was always the best Russian general, as every invader has learnt, and Hitler was a fool not to recognise. But General Winter beats the Russians themselves. Mournful enough the unending steppes and forests, promoting resignation or rebellion: but what of a climate which, as soon as the first snowflakes fall, promises months of snow and keeps its promise.

This is a fascinating and beautifully written book, and very well illustrated. But, so occupied is it with the remains of a former Russia, that it might have been called "Meditations in a Graveyard." Of the new architectural performances of the Bolsheviks it gives no idea. But I remember that my acute and scholarly friend, Robert Byron, who went down in the Mediterranean during the war, and who is several times quoted here, told me after his last visit to Russia: "A few years ago they were building modernistic atrocities, but now they have reverted to Victorian atrocities." Lady Kelly does not seem to have been tempted to photograph either kind: she preferred the plain ancient walls and the onion domes.



THE S.S. Voroshilov ON THE MOSCOW SEA. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A STATUE OF LENIN.

been started by the English colony in Tsarist times. Football seems to be the only popular amusement that is encouraged. Even the most innocuous love-making is not permitted in any public place, and the fact that so few domestic dogs are seen in the streets seems to fit in with the picture of a race dedicated to the collective, impersonal work of building up the



AT GORI: THE MARBLE PAVILION ENCLOSING STALIN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Soviet industrial State. That is to me the saddest feature of the Russian scene: the clipping of all wings, the closed personal avenues, the ossification born of a uniform materialistic creed. This is the mute appeal that comes from the impersonal eyes of these huge static crowds—which, nevertheless, have their own grandeur from their very mass. For, like the waves of the sea, they are countless, and their powerful rhythm is unmistakable, a rhythm which grows day by day and gathers year by year a tremendous momentum which we must pray God may never spill out of its own cauldron, for, if it did, little might remain of our forms of Christian civilization." Which is precisely why we have been reduced to calling the Germans in, with what result who can tell!

There is a map in this book showing the journeys which Lady Kelly and her husband took by train, car, plane and boat, some of them by special permission within the normally prohibited areas. Leningrad, Astrakhan, Tiflis (they saw the shrine which encloses



NOW A GREAT PILGRIMAGE CENTRE: STALIN'S BIRTHPLACE AT GORI; THE ENTRANCE TO THE SIMPLE WHITE-WASHED HOUSE, WITH ITS TWO MINUTE ROOMS, WHICH HAS NOW BECOME HOLY GROUND. NEAR BY, THE GEORGIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS BECOME A GYMNASIUM.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Mirror to Russia"; by courtesy of the publisher, "Country Life."

* "Mirror to Russia." By Marie Noële Kelly. Illustrated. (Country Life; 21s.)

THE OFFICIAL FAÇADE: VIEWS OF MOSCOW RELEASED BY THE RUSSIANS.



THE REGIONAL DRAMA THEATRE IN THE VOROSHILOVGRAD AREA. THE RUSSIAN THEATRE SUFFERS FROM THE COMPLETE LACK OF ANYTHING RESEMBLING REVUE OR LIGHT COMEDY.



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE VOROSHILOVGRAD AREA: A VIEW OF THE SCHOOL OF MINING IN FRUNZE STREET: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST AUTUMN.



"ONE OF THE GREAT MODERN SKY-MARKS BUILT ON A COLOSSAL SCALE FOR THE SOVIETS BY THE SOVIETS": A NEARLY-COMPLETED BUILDING AT KRASNIYE VOROTA.



"THESE BUILDINGS ARE NOT MERELY FUNCTIONAL": AN ILLUMINATED BUILDING ON KOTELNICHESKAYA NABEREZH-NAYA WHICH BEARS A LARGE PORTRAIT OF STALIN.



WHERE A WHOLE UNIVERSITY WILL BE HOUSED IN ONE CLOSELY-KNIT UNIT: THE STATE UNIVERSITY, NOW NEARING COMPLETION ON THE LENIN HILLS OUTSIDE MOSCOW.



"THESE BUILDINGS INVITE ONE NEITHER TO DREAM NOR TO PRAY": A NEW CINEMA IN ISMAILOVO SQUARE WHICH IS TYPICAL OF THE PREVALENT ARCHITECTURAL STYLE.

On other pages in this issue we show photographs of Moscow and scenes in the U.S.S.R. which were taken by Lady Kelly, wife of Sir David Kelly, the British Ambassador in Moscow from 1949 to 1951. On this page we reproduce photographs "Printed in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" and released to the West to illustrate the reconstruction which is going on in Moscow. In her book "Mirror to Russia" (reviewed in this issue), Lady Kelly says: "Muscovites look up to their 'tall buildings' with a feeling of pride and achievement as being 'theirs,' much more than we would in the West. . . .



IN KUIRYSHEV STREET: THE U.S.S.R. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. ALL THE MOSCOW TRAMS HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN AND REPLACED BY TROLLEY-BUSES.

These 'tall buildings' are their own offspring, and the average Muscovite is most affectionately conscious of these great modern sky-marks built on a colossal scale for the Soviets by the Soviets in no time at all. . . . True to the Marxist philosophy, these buildings invite one neither to dream nor to pray; but in relation to the lines of the Russian horizon and the size of Moscow, their arrogance sits well on the brow of the city." Moscow has a number of parks and gardens where one is warned off the neater turf by the great Communist paradox: "This grass is yours—keep off it!"

PHOTOGRAPHS THAT PENETRATE THE DARKNESS BEHIND SCENES IN THE U.S.S.R. TAKEN BETWEEN 1949 AND 1951



OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE ESTATE WHERE LENIN LIVED OUT HIS LAST YEARS AND DIED: A STONE STATUE OF LENIN AT GORKY, TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM MOSCOW.



BUILT ABOUT 1935: FLATS IN MOSCOW, ON THE KADASHEVSKAYA EMBANKMENT, AT THE CORNER OF THE POLYANKA. MOSCOW IS A SILENT CITY ON THE WHOLE; IT HAS VERY WIDE MAIN STREETS.



THE NEW MOSKVA HOTEL SEEN FROM THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY. NO FOREIGNERS STAY HERE, ONLY HIGH RUSSIAN OFFICIALS AND GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED DELEGATIONS, ETC. IT HAS TWO OPEN-AIR TERRACES WITH CAFES.



THE "WHITE-LAND-ORCHID" DRAWING-ROOM, FACING THE KREMLIN: AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY. IN HEAVY POST-NAPOLEONIC STYLE, IT WAS BUILT BY THE SUGAR KING MOROZOV IN THE 1860'S.



IN THE KOMSOMOLSKAYA SQUARE IN MOSCOW: THE LENNORAD "VOKSAL," OR RAILWAY STATION, WITH TAXIS WAITING OUTSIDE. MOSCOW HAS A POPULATION OF 8,000,000.



A TYPICAL MOSCOW STREET SCENE: THE GREAT SADOVAYA ARTERIAL ROAD LOOKING NORTH-EAST. IT IS FLANKED BY APARTMENT DWELLINGS AND THE TRAFFIC IS OFTEN NIL.



ON THE YAROSLAV CHAUSSÉE IN MOSCOW: A BLOCK OF FLATS WHICH WERE ERRECTED IN 1949. THEY ARE BUILT OF BRICK FACED WITH PLASTER.

Between 1949 and 1951 Lady Kelly, whose husband, Sir David Kelly, was then British Ambassador in Moscow, was able to persuade the authorities to let her see Russia as no visitor from the West has seen it since before World War II. She has written a book describing her observations and experiences in the Soviet Union under the title "Mirror to Russia." This book, which is published by Country Life, is reviewed by Sir John Squire on page 962 of this issue. Although this book is lavishly illustrated with photographs taken by Lady Kelly and her son Laurence, she has a large collection of other photographs, a selection from which are reproduced

above. Lady Kelly says that the ordinary diplomatic traveller, even if he visits out-of-the-way places, finds it extremely hard to take any photographs. "That I was able freely to do so was the result of a courteous gesture by the Soviet authorities to my husband's position, and also to the presence on all occasions of my husband's police escort who, in this and other respects, served as a protection against interference by suspicious local authorities." In fact, Lady Kelly's photographs, and her book, are the result of a combination of very rare and unusual opportunities, of which she availed herself to the utmost limit. One of the photographs

THE IRON CURTAIN: UNOFFICIAL VIEWS OF MOSCOW AND BY THE WIFE OF THE THEN BRITISH AMBASSADOR.



BUILT OF WOOD: A TYPICAL RUSSIAN "IZBA" OR COTTAGE. THE RUSSIANS ARE NOT FOND OF GARDENING; THE SUMMER IS TOO SHORT. MANY OF THE COTTAGES HAVE DOUBLE WINDOWS, TO KEEP OUT THE COLD.



"A CROSS BETWEEN BRIGHTON PIER AND A STYLISED FACTORY ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD": A MODERN BUILDING WHICH DOMINATES KHIINKI HARBOUR, ON THE MOSKVA RIVER.



THE "WEMBLEY" OF MOSCOW: THE DYNAMO STADIUM, WHICH HOUSES ABOUT 60,000 SPECTATORS. FOOTBALL SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY POPULAR AMUSEMENT WHICH IS ENCOURAGED.



THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN MOSCOW. RAILWAY TICKETS AND HOTEL ACCOMMODATION ARE ALLOTTED BY THE TOURIST DEPARTMENT ONLY ON INSTRUCTIONS FROM THIS MINISTRY.

(top left-centre) shows the New Moskva Hotel. It has two open-air terraces with cafes on the sixth and top floors. No foreigners stay here, only high Russian officials and Government-sponsored delegations. Visitors can lunch or dine in the restaurant, which is decorated with dark marble, or in the summer on the terraces. All the Moscow shops are State-owned and open at 11 a.m., the big shops remain open until 11 p.m., and even the smaller ones until 7 p.m. Lady Kelly writes that in 1951 meat cost from 20 to 30 roubles a kilo, with roubles at 11 to the £ sterling; butter, 38 roubles a kilo; eggs, 1 rouble 20 kopecks each in the summer. Fish was



AT KHIINKI HARBOUR: A STATUE OF LENIN TALKING TO STALIN. IT IS BASED ON THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH OF LENIN AND STALIN TOGETHER, WHICH WAS TAKEN AT GORKY.

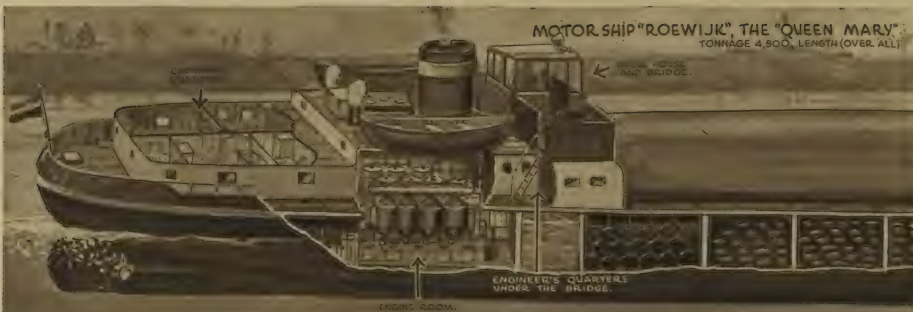


INTENDED TO ENCOURAGE SPORT: ONE OF THE STATUES OF ATHLETIC WOMEN PLAYING TENNIS IN PARKS OF CULTURE AND REST. 30 PRIVATE COURTS EXIST, BUT THERE ARE PUBLIC ONS IN THE CITIES.

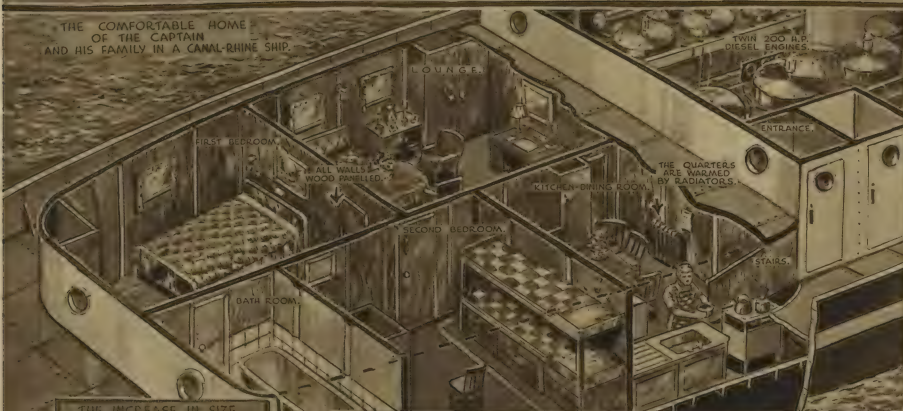


AT THE ENTRANCE OF SOKOLNIKI PUBLIC PARK (THE PARK OF THE FALCONS) IN MOSCOW: SIR DAVID KELLY, THEN BRITISH AMBASSADOR, WITH HIS SON LAURENCE, AND DOG ZEEBA.

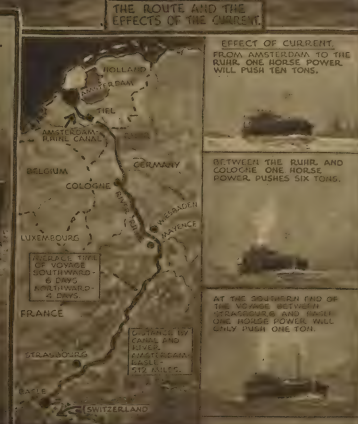
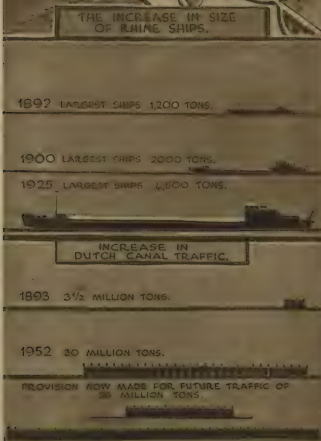
very dear, at about 60 roubles a kilo. Sausages and bread are staple foods. The only form of free enterprise allowed is in the colourful *kollez* market, where the peasants bring their surplus after satisfying their Government quota of production. At the flower-stall there in May, 1951, dahlias were £4 10s. for ten, delphiniums £2 for ten and lupins £1 5s. for twenty. Ordinary Muscovites, who cannot afford the prohibitive prices of such places as the New Moskva Hotel, usually eat at small restaurants controlled by the Ministry of Food. These restaurants have few names, but are classified by the quality and type of food supplied.



OF THE AMSTERDAM-RHINE CANAL.
62 METRES (BEAM 8 METRES).



THE "UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS" OF THE DUTCH CANALS—A "PARLEVINK" MAKING A CALL.
THEY CARRY A TRULY WONDERFUL SELECTION OF USEFUL AND NECESSARY COMMODITIES FOR SALE.



ASPECTS OF LIFE ON THE NEW AMSTERDAM-RHINE CANAL, AND THE QUEEN MARY OF THE DUTCH

In our issue of May 17 we illustrated on four pages some of the engineering and navigational features of the new Amsterdam-Rhine Canal which H.M. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands opened on May 21—an event illustrated by photographs in our issue of May 31. Here our Special Artist, who recently returned from a visit to the Netherlands, where he inspected the new canal, shows some aspects of the life of the families who run the barges and ships on the great new waterway. A large part of the population lives on the 17,000 vessels

which carry goods along the inland waterways of the Netherlands, and these floating homes vary in size from boats of a few tons to the giant Amsterdam-Rhine ships of over 4,000 tons, of which the *Roewijk*, illustrated above, is a typical example. This ship was visited by our Artist, who made his sketch on board. The *Roewijk* can carry some 830 tons of cargo on each voyage to and from Amsterdam to the Rhine ports and down to Basel, a distance of 512 miles. During the voyage the ships "climb" in gentle stages to a height of nearly

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

WATERWAYS: THE HUMAN SIDE OF A GREAT ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT IN THE NETHERLANDS.

900 ft. The size of the ships and the volume of traffic are continuously increasing and the canal folk grow in numbers year by year. This floating community is served by "river traders" who, in their handy little motor-boats, are a feature of the canals and known to everyone as the "Parlevinkers". They are the "little general shops" of the waterways and supply the canal folk with food and any other kind of commodity that may be required. At certain points along the waterway are moored the larger store-ships and the floating fuel

stations, and there are even floating schools for the canal children. It is quite usual to see a mother taking her children to school in the ship's dinghy. The new lock gates are not popular with the women of the river and canal boats, for a deluge of water pours from the gate as it is hoisted up, and if the captain's wife has left her laundry out to dry it may be soaked before she can take it down. Although the possibility of such a domestic catastrophe was foreseen by the lock-designer, it was not practicable to fit a trough to drain off the water.

LAST week I made mention of some passages in a book by Mr. Drew Middleton. These, however, came into my article only incidentally, and the book is worthy of more serious and detailed examination.* When I first met Mr. Middleton he was in London during the first phase of the bombing and, most un-neutral of neutral correspondents, was sending notable despatches to the *New York Times*. In the intervening eleven years I have met him perhaps four or five times. Meanwhile he has gone from one assignment to another, always with the *New York Times*, and never declining below his standard, which is that of one of the best foreign correspondents in the English-speaking world. To-day he is head of the newspaper's European Bureau, with headquarters at Bad Godesberg, near Bonn. Of his twelve years as a foreign correspondent, six have been spent watching the Soviet Union and Russian Communism, either within Russia, in the better observation post of Berlin, or in Western Germany. This background is given, not for the sake of paying him compliments, but to assist readers in estimating the value of his observation and of his impressions.

They do not make agreeable reading. Everyone who is known to have made a study of Russia is asked the question whether or not she "means war." The view of Mr. Middleton is that the rulers of Russia have not abandoned the belief, inherent in Communism, that a fierce struggle between it and the world which rejects it is inevitable. He also feels that the power of resistance which the capitalist system has displayed may well have induced the rulers of to-day to put little faith in the prospect of overthrowing it by political action; that is, by measures short of war. He goes further than this. If, he says, the Russians do decide to attack, they are likely to do so "before 1954; that is, before the immediate penalty for aggression is so great that the cost is prohibitive." He considers that before the end of 1953 there will come a time when Russian military preparations are "in balance." The preparations of the West will not be. If, therefore, Russia has made up her mind to attack, it may be expected that she will do so either this year or next.

The force of this argument appeals to me all the more because I have been thinking on parallel lines. One of my reasons for anxiety I have expressed more than once in these pages. It is that Russia is maintaining forces of a strength which one can scarcely conceive that any nation would maintain in time of peace unless it expected an early war. The strain represented by such forces on a war footing, or virtually so, is so heavy that it can hardly be believed it would be accepted unless they were destined for use—and use at an early period. At the same time, as Mr. Middleton points out, after 1954 it may be accepted that the West will have mustered strength considerably superior to that which it at present possesses and will also have improved the efficiency of its defence. If, then, the assumption is accepted that Russia does regard eventual war as inevitable, it seems unreasonable to suppose that she will wait very long. Everything therefore tends to suggest that the present year and the next will be the most dangerous. This view is strengthened by Mr. Middleton's conclusion that Russian rearmament of the forces of the satellite States has been carried out with great zeal and may now have gone as far as is considered to be prudent.

Mr. Middleton also advances decided opinions about the scope of any probable Russian action. If the Soviet Union were to strike, it would, he believes, make full use of a position which is more central than was that of Germany. In fact, only by doing so could it make use of all its resources, which would not find room and could not all be supplied and maintained in a direct offensive westward alone. In the Middle East Russia might be expected to aim at the oilfields, the Persian Gulf, and the Isthmus of Suez. She would try to overrun Scandinavia in the interests of submarine warfare. She would try to clear the Mediterranean and so get rid of a danger to her left flank, a danger never clearly realised by Germany—I should say, by Hitler, because I think the German Navy did realise it. She would instigate secondary action in Asia, which would be carried out by China. Mr. Middleton also quotes the French General Mast about the possibility of an attack in the Arctic aimed at the capture of Alaska and Iceland. With the aid of the satellite forces she would seek to overthrow Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia. She would undertake a submarine offensive on a world-wide scale.

The main offensive, however, would undoubtedly consist of a direct advance aimed eventually at the conquest of all Western Europe from the Skagerrak to Gibraltar, accompanied by attack from the air, including atomic bombing, on Great Britain. Mr. Middleton goes on to suggest that Russia would not consider the mere occupation of the European continent sufficient in a war with the United States. The Continent would have to be organised very thoroughly for the purpose. Russia would therefore bank heavily on capturing the Ruhr quickly and before it could be extensively demolished; by organising industry here and elsewhere she could hope to put herself into a position in which she would be able to wage a long war against the United States. In this she would

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE INTENTIONS OF THE SOVIET UNION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

count upon political and social factors influencing the United States as much as military ones. This would be strategy not unlike that adopted by Japan against the United States in the Second World War; but Russia would be, provided the preliminary steps described had been successful, in a stronger position than Japan ever was. A "come-back" on the part of the United States would be a much more difficult operation.

No one can be certain of reading the mind of Russia aright. It would be possible to advance arguments



AFTER GREETING GENERAL RIDGWAY, THE NEW SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN EUROPE, AT ORLY AIRPORT: (LEFT TO RIGHT) GENERAL EISENHOWER IN (DARK GLASSES); AND FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY WITH GENERAL RIDGWAY'S LITTLE SON.



GENERAL RIDGWAY (CENTRE), THE NEW ALLIED SUPREME COMMANDER, SHAKES HANDS WITH HIS DEPUTY, FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY. (LEFT TO RIGHT FROM GENERAL RIDGWAY) GENERAL EISENHOWER AND M. RENÉ PLEVEN, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF DEFENCE.

On May 27 General Ridgway arrived by air in Paris in order to succeed General Eisenhower as Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe. He was met by civilian and military leaders, including M. Plevin and M. Brune, the French Ministers of, respectively, Defence and the Interior, General Eisenhower, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Lord Ismay, Mr. J. Dunn, the U.S. Ambassador in Paris, Mr. W. Draper, head of the Mutual Security Agency, and the French Chiefs of Staff. He later drove to the Arc de Triomphe and laid a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.



MR. DREW MIDDLETON, THE HEAD OF THE *New York Times* EUROPEAN BUREAU AND THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "THE DEFENCE OF WESTERN EUROPE," WHICH CAPTAIN FALLS DISCUSSES ON THIS PAGE.

against Mr. Middleton's reading. The Communist State in Russia, it might be said, has established itself in a virtually impregnable position. It is more likely to wear down the capitalist Powers as things are going now than they are to wear it down. In the cold war it has suffered only one really grave defeat, over the blockade of Berlin. On the other hand, it risks the undermining of its power in the

tremendous confusion which would accompany a war such as that envisaged, whatever the course of that war. It is, the objector might say, futile to count upon the Ruhr to supply the industrial output on which to base the prospects of a long war with the United States. The Ruhr did indeed prove strongly resistant to the bombing of the last war. Though a tremendous weight of bombs was dropped upon it, it continued to produce to a remarkable extent amid its ruins. Yet atomic bombing might be counted on to be far more destructive than any "conventional" bombing and the Ruhr would be peculiarly vulnerable to it. Again, the objector might assert that, far from being an asset, the satellites would prove a very serious danger to Russia in a universal war.

These considerations have their weight, some of them more than others. They do not, in my view, dispose of Mr. Middleton's arguments, which I consider deserve the closest attention. The opinions expressed in this book form the most important part of it, but they do not stand alone and, in fact, take up a relatively small proportion of its pages. The greater part of it is devoted to a careful description of Europe to-day from the point of view of strategy. It discusses the armed strength of Russia, not merely as regards numbers, but also in terms of weapons, equipment, training and military doctrine. Then it passes on to the satellites, noting that widespread hatred of Russia may well be counterbalanced by the fanatical fidelity and efficiency of the groups of Communists who control these countries and who have struck down all likely leaders of resistance. Then it runs the light upon the other side, beginning with a somewhat melancholy chapter on "The International Army." Next comes a discussion of the command, written, of course, before it was known that General Eisenhower would be relieved and succeeded by General Ridgway.

Two of the happiest and most comforting chapters are entitled "The Seventh Army" and "The British Contribution." Mr. Middleton believes that the American contingent in Europe to-day is a fine one in almost every respect. He pays a high tribute to General Manton S. Eddy, who took over when the troops "were immersed in the pleasant round of garrison life, plus the attractions of German girls and plenty of beer," and effected a transformation. The description of the B.A.O.R. will give pleasure to British readers, and I think this pleasure will be justified. The troops take great pride in themselves and believe there are none like them, which is a healthy sign in any army. Just when we are beginning to think Mr. Middleton knows us better than we know ourselves, he makes the curious remark that "the War Office and the Treasury have combined" to keep the B.A.O.R. short of certain necessities. One might just as well say that the wolf and the lamb have combined to make one lamb the less in the field. The War Office and the Treasury never combine. Yet his only real worry about these two forces—unfortunately, a serious worry—is that they are not big enough.

He has other worries. The air forces are not in a satisfactory position, because in certain instances the excellent equipment which has been promised them has not reached the stage of full production. The equipment and even the composition of other national contingents is very much less unsatisfactory in all respects. Divisions are not always real divisions. Training, though improving, is not as a rule as high as it ought to be. Even more disturbing is his treatment of the subject which I discussed last week, doubt about morale, sometimes both in the forces and in the nations, but always more in the latter case. Elements exist who regard the whole subject of defence as so unpleasant that they do their utmost to blot it out of their minds and lives. Others believe that neutrality will be less unhappy for the countries concerned than participation in a common system of defence. I will not go over this story again, as I dealt with it fully last week.

Mr. Middleton makes a number of favourable and comforting points, but it must be confessed that his book is more disturbing than reassuring. As I have suggested, the subject is so obscure that some commentators, while accepting his evidence, would evolve from it a different interpretation. Yet the grim picture which he paints is heightened rather than decreased in its effects by the sobriety of his style and use of colour. He is also singularly sympathetic about the mistakes, delays and weaknesses of the past. It is a fact which must be accepted that Western Europe could by this year have put itself into a far better position of defence than actually exists, yet even the honest and the brave have had to face problems and perplexities. No other advice can be given by Mr. Middleton or any other man who is at once a realist and a supporter of freedom, than to continue the programme of defence with the utmost determination and do all that is humanly possible to make up for lost time.

* "The Defence of Western Europe." By Drew Middleton. (Muller; 15s.)

TOWARDS A COMMON EUROPEAN ARMY: SIGNING THE E.D.C. TREATY.



GATHERED TO ESTABLISH THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY: THE SCENE IN THE SALON DE L'HORLOGE AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY, PARIS, SHOWING AT THE HEAD OF THE HORSESHOE TABLE THE SIX SIGNATORIES OF THE E.D.C. TREATY, FLANKED BY MR. EDEN (LEFT) AND MR. ACHESON (RIGHT), WHO SIGNED A TRIPARTITE DECLARATION WITH M. SCHUMAN.



M. SCHUMAN SIGNING THE TREATY FOR THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY.



MR. EDEN SIGNING THE TRIPARTITE DECLARATION OF SUPPORT TO THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY.



GERMANY ENTERS THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY: DR. ADENAUER SIGNING THE TREATY IN PARIS.

On May 27 the long negotiations for the creation of a European Army were brought near to fruition with the signature in the Salon de l'Horloge at the Quai d'Orsay, Paris, of the treaty to establish the European Defence Community (E.D.C.). This treaty was signed by the representatives of France (M. Schuman), Italy (Signor de Gasperi), Belgium (M. van Zeeland), The Netherlands (Dr. Stikker), Luxembourg (M. Bech) and Western Germany (Dr. Adenauer). The European

Defence Community is defined in the treaty as "of supra-national character, with common institutions, common armed forces and a common budget," with armed forces merged into one. Great Britain and the U.S. joined in a tripartite declaration with France that any threat to the Community would be regarded as a threat to their own security. The same day was also published the agreement on the production of certain weapons by Western Germany.



CAMBRIDGE'S OLDEST QUADRANGLE: THE OLD COURT OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, WHICH CELEBRATES ON CORPUS CHRISTI DAY (JUNE 12) THE SIXTH CENTENARY OF ITS UNIQUE FOUNDATION.

The College of Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin Mary in Cambridge—to give it its full title—celebrates this year, on Corpus Christi Day, June 12, the 600th anniversary of its foundation. It is thus one of Cambridge's oldest colleges, one of that group—Peterhouse, Michaelhouse (now submerged in the later Trinity), Pembroke, Gonville, Trinity Hall and Clare are the others—which first gave the young University its collegiate character. It is unique, moreover, in the manner of its

foundation, for whereas every other medieval college in Oxford and Cambridge was established by a Sovereign or a great personage, Corpus came into being as the result of the initiative of two Cambridge Guilds, the Guild of Corpus Christi and the Guild of St. Mary. Its foundation thus by Cambridge burghesses has been interpreted as an attempt to heal the old feud between town and university—and in this it was not entirely successful. Its first buildings, some of which survive in the Old Court

shown above, lie between the two churches of St. Bene't (Benedict) and St. Botolph, and are remarkable in that they were the first Cambridge collegiate buildings to take the form of a quadrangle. Our Artist's drawing was made during the grim weeks of University examinations and shows some of the undergraduates sitting and reclining on the grass and discussing their sufferings over a pint of beer from the buttery before lunch in the College Hall. The Hall, which can be seen on the

extreme right, dates from the rebuilding of much of the College in the early nineteenth century, the Old Hall adjoining it (the large window is part of it) being now the College Kitchens. The upper story in the corner by the small tree is that supposedly haunted by the Corpus Chest, a legendary character variously supposed to be Dr. Butts, Master from 1626 to 1632, or a Master's daughter or a Master's daughter's lover. It haunts what was once the Master's Lodge.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GINEAU.



ONE OF THE PHYSICAL LINKS BETWEEN 600-YEAR-OLD CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND THE SAXON ST. BENE'T'S CHURCH: THE OLD GALLERY JOINING COLLEGE AND CHURCH, WHICH IS NOW CONVERTED INTO A FELLOW'S SET OF ROOMS—IN WHICH WE SHOW A LAW TUTORIAL IN PROGRESS, WITH AN UNDERGRADUATE READING HIS ESSAY.



THE LIBRARY OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WHICH HOUSES THE HISTORIC COLLECTIONS OF MATTHEW PARKER, MASTER 1544-53, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, 1559-75.

CELEBRATING ITS 600TH ANNIVERSARY: CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE—THE OLD GALLERY AND THE LIBRARY.

On June 12, Corpus Christi Day, Corpus Christi College celebrates its sixcentenary, and during the first 200 years of its existence it was closely associated with the Corpus Christi procession in Cambridge. This was done away with in Elizabeth I.'s reign and perhaps, in consequence, for many years the College was known as St. Bene't's, from its close association with the neighbouring St. Bene't's Church, to which it was connected with a gallery—now closed and converted into a Fellow's Set. The College Library, although part of the new

buildings designed by Wilkins about 1827, is associated with the benefactions and the immensely valuable ancient books left by Matthew Parker, Master of the College between 1544 and 1553, and one of the first of the great antiquarians. Among his books may be mentioned the "Canterbury Gospels," given by Pope Gregory the Great to St. Augustine, the most important MS. of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and the finest collection of Anglo-Saxon books to be found outside the British Museum.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



DINING IN HALL: A VIEW OF THE HALL OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, SEEN FROM THE HIGH TABLE. IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE SQUARE-TOPPED OPENING INTO THE OLD HALL, WHICH IS NOW USED AS THE COLLEGE KITCHENS. THE PRESENT HALL DATES FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST CENTURY.



HOSTEL COURT: ONE OF THE OLDEST PARTS OF 600-YEAR-OLD CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE. THE BUILDINGS ON THE LEFT HAVE BEEN MODERNISED AND ARE COLLEGE ROOMS.

THE SEXCENTENARY OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: ASPECTS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The sexcentenary celebrations of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which begin on Corpus Christi Day, June 12, coincide with the silver jubilee of its Master, Sir Will Spens. They are also marked by his retirement, which takes place on August 1. He will be succeeded by Sir George Paget Thomson, F.R.S., the son of the late Sir J. J. Thomson, O.M. (who was Master of Trinity,

Cambridge, until his death in 1940). Our two drawings on this page show, as it were, the two faces of the College: the ancient, in Hostel Court; and the modern, the Hall, built in 1827. Relative to the size of the College, the Hall is a large one and, rather surprisingly, one of only two in Cambridge in which the whole undergraduate body can dine at a single sitting.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



EIGHTEEN months ago, Dr. Honeyman, Director of the Glasgow Art Gallery, kindly sent me some photographs of items from a "Collection of Horses" offered to the Gallery by the executors of the late Seton Murray Thomson. The collection, not unnaturally, was in the first instance handed over to the Curator of the Natural History Department, who soon discovered that it was concerned not with science but with art—it was a collection of models of horses gathered together from nineteen different countries, made of every metal from gold to wood, and extending in time over 4000 years. Some were of no consequence, others were of exceptional quality by any standard, showing very great understanding of the form and spirit of this beautiful animal, and I am hoping that some day the Gallery will produce a properly documented catalogue of so unusual a collection for the benefit of posterity before the horse becomes as extinct as the dodo; for in my part of the country I am informed that farmers are finding it increasingly difficult to keep horses because, unlike tractors, they have to be fed and watered at week-ends and farm workers don't like to turn out on Sundays.

It so happened that many of the Thomson horses were Chinese—I illustrated three in pottery in my article on the collection in *The Illustrated London News* of August 12, 1950, and remarked upon the extraordinary sensitiveness of the Chinese in such matters. I have never heard that these gifted people were ever remarkable for horse-management in the sense in which that term is understood in the West, but it is, I think,

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AN EYE FOR AN ANIMAL.

By FRANK DAVIS.

the next one, but overload him by an ounce and he promptly sat down—and nothing the troops did or said to him made the slightest difference. This green jade carving is *Joe* to the life, and I hope whoever owns him now, for he changed hands at Sotheby's last month, will treat him with the consideration he deserves.

To be serious, and brushing aside these sentimental recollections, here is an admirable example of the way in which some anonymous carver could take a

so had *Roman Joe*, and the moral of this is that it is difficult for the English when writing about either horses or dogs to avoid sentimentality of some kind or other.

Let me now turn to another type of horse—two animals much better bred than the lamented *Joe*, which have given me a great deal of pleasure for the last dozen years or so for very different reasons. It is within most people's experience that the most beloved household gods, like a child's rag doll, have cost next to nothing, and so it is with a drawing which adorns my dining-room wall. I remember buying it at Christie's for less than a fiver, and I marvel daily at the observant eye and the economy of line which went to its making. When the sun shines bright and the world seems to be spinning round hopefully, I am liable to see in it the hand of no less a master than Cuyp. On darker days, when my mood is no longer set fair, I compromise on some lesser name from eighteenth-century England or France. The odd thing is that among all the early drawings I have seen I have not yet come across one which I can confidently say is by the same man, whoever he may be—but that, of course, is but one of the many pleasures of owning this sort of thing. You acquire something you like, enjoy it for years for its own qualities, don't care in the least who was the creator, and may yet succeed in placing it in the right category. A man once looked at it who was a very fine judge, not of art, but of horses. He said admiringly: "Now those are really horses. What is it?" I told him, and he answered with astonishment: "Why, it is better than a photograph." An odd comment, I thought, but high praise.

So much for "the noble animal and the friend of man" (especially of bookmakers), and back to the slower-moving creature, as interpreted by a Staffordshire potter from some eighteenth-century Chinese original (Fig. 1). Such things are rare enough, though two turned up recently in a London sale-room. At first sight it seems odd that any English potter should have chosen so essentially Chinese a figure as his model—it is, of course, but one more proof of the powerful fascination exercised by everything Chinese upon our ancestors. This is by one of that little group of Staffordshire pioneers, Whieldon, who helped to build up a great industry, and who covered his figures with a warm, mottled manganese glaze like tortoise-shell.

It is peasant art, if you like, and none the worse for



FIG. 1. "NAÏVE, HEARTY AND A TRIFLE CLUMSY"; A STAFFORDSHIRE FIGURE OF A WATER BUFFALO, BY WHIELDON.

"At first sight it seems odd that any English potter should have chosen so essentially Chinese a figure as his model. . . . This is by Whieldon, who helped to build up a great industry, and who covered his figures with a warm, mottled manganese glaze."

shapeless lump of jade and make of it a creature which is the epitome of all Mongolian ponies, powerful, and spirited, without descending to finicky detail. A similar comprehension of the character of a very different animal, a water buffalo, is to be noted in Fig. 3—in each case we are looking at sculpture in the strict sense, not the building-up of a figure by means of dabs of clay and then having it cast in bronze, but laboriously working on the extremely hard material with abrasives and a primitive drill, and running the risk of spoiling the piece at any moment by an ill-considered movement. The discerning eye will no doubt already have

discovered even in the photographs some difference in the quality of these two pieces: the buffalo more smoothly carved and with a more sensitive relationship between the various planes; the horse is a coarser piece altogether—moreover, to judge by various scars, he has been in the wars:



FIG. 2. "THE EPITOME OF ALL MONGOLIAN PONIES"; A JADE CARVING, POWERFUL AND SPIRITED. (15½ INS. IN LENGTH.)

"Here," writes Frank Davis, "is an admirable example of the way in which some anonymous carver could take a shapeless lump of jade and make of it a creature which is the epitome of all Mongolian ponies. . . ."

beyond cavil that their potters and painters, and still more their lapidaries, without the slightest lapse into sentimentality (the besetting sin of many of us), expound the creature's nature with fidelity and imagination, however intractable the material with which they are working. It so happens that a few days ago I was listening with becoming humility to a very learned discussion about likely Derby entrants—the sort of conversation which frequently accompanies coffee at this time of the year—and the very next morning this photograph of a Mongolian pony in jade (Fig. 2) turned up and deflected my thoughts away from racehorses to a pony I once knew as *Roman Joe*, who once upon a time had the honour to serve in a London battalion as one of the eight pack animals and carried ammunition and rations with imperturbable sang-froid up to the front line on the Somme and other delectable sections of the front. Now this *Roman Joe*—stocky, powerful, but hardly a fashion-plate—was a good worker, but with very definite notions of justice; he would carry as heavy a burden as



FIG. 3. A RECUMBENT WATER BUFFALO IN GREEN JADE; PROBABLY MING DYNASTY. This Chinese carving of a recumbent water buffalo in green jade probably dates from the Ming Dynasty (1368-1643). It is "more smoothly carved and with a more sensitive relationship between the various planes" than the horse of Fig. 2. [Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.]

that, naïve, hearty and a trifle clumsy. The smiling oxherd on the animal's back holding the jug would probably, in Chinese eyes, though Whieldon would not be aware of this, be identified with that great and drunken poet of the T'ang Dynasty of a thousand years before, Li Tai Po—for thus can a man's title to fame be falsified in popular legend, his vices remembered, his genius forgotten. Yet even in this rough translation of the grotesque into an English idiom, something remains of the original keen observation of so slow-moving and ponderous an animal.

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FRENCH ROMANTIC ART: THE CURRENT DELACROIX LOAN EXHIBITION.



"STUDY OF A LIONESS RECLINING"; AN EXAMPLE OF DELACROIX'S ADMIRABLE ANIMAL DRAWINGS. WATER-COLOUR. (7½ by 7½ ins.) (Wildenstein, New York.)



"STUDY OF A LION, PROFILE VIEW." DELACROIX WAS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN ANIMALS. BLACK CHALK. (16½ by 9½ ins.) (Wildenstein, New York.)



"TALMA AS NERO." PAINTED AS A COMMISSION FOR THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, WHO HAVE LENT IT FOR EXHIBITION. OIL ON CANVAS. (35½ by 28 ins.)



"DIANA SURPRISED BY ACTÆON," "SUMMER" IN THE SET OF THE SEASONS DESIGNED FOR FRÉDÉRIC HARTMANN'S SALON. OIL ON CANVAS. (77 by 67½ ins.) (Museo de Arte, San Paolo, Brazil.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT AS HAMLET," PAINTED IN 1824 AND GIVEN BY DELACROIX TO HIPPOLYTE CARRIER. OIL ON CANVAS. (15½ by 12½ ins.) (Société des Amis d'Eugène Delacroix.)



"A BASKET OF FLOWERS OVERTURNED IN A PARK." PAINTED IN FEBRUARY, 1849, ONE OF A SERIES OF FIVE STILL-LIFE SUBJECTS. OIL ON CANVAS. (56 by 36 ins.) (Wildenstein, New York.)



"LYCURGUS CONSULTING THE PYTHIAN ORACLE," PAINTED c. 1824-44. A FAVOURITE SUBJECT WITH DELACROIX. OIL ON CANVAS. (13 by 16 ins.) (Wildenstein, New York.)

An interesting Loan Exhibition of the work of Ferdinand Eugène Victor Delacroix (1798-1863) was due to be opened at Wildenstein's New Bond Street Gallery by H.E. the French Ambassador on June 5. Delacroix, a leading figure in the French Romantic movement of the early nineteenth century, has been described as "the last of the Old Masters and the first great master of the modern school." A fine colourist, with outstanding gifts for decorative effects, he painted with immense gusto and bravura. The current exhibition, which is being held in aid of the funds of "L'Atelier Delacroix" (a museum in the studio he occupied from

1857 until his death), allows visitors to see the whole range of his work. The four decorative paintings, "The Seasons," lent from Brazil, were painted between 1856-61 to the order of the banker Frédéric Hartmann, who, however, died in 1861, so they remained in Delacroix's studio. The animal drawings illustrate his passion for animals, which was expressed both in his paintings and in his journal. The well-known works on view include "Greece Expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi," lent by the Bordeaux Museum, and the Comédie Française painting of Napoleon's favourite actor, Talma, as Nero in Racine's "Britannicus."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



RUFFS AT COURT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

RUFFS and reeves are the males and females respectively of a single species of wader. We can speak of the male swan as the cob, and of the female as the pen, but collectively they are swans. There is no such convenience in speaking of this particular wader, for it has no collective name, and always it must be ruffs and reeves. The reeve is inconspicuous, with a body about the size of a starling, lifted some 4 or 5 ins. off the ground on a pair of long, slender legs. The plumage is a mottled grey, and there is the usual plover beak. The ruff shows a wide range of colours, from a mottled grey, slightly more showy than that of the female, to a mixture of various browns, light chestnut to deep brown or almost black. His neck feathers are, however, longer and can be brought forward to form a ruff, with a pair of prominent "ears" standing out round the base of the head. It is not the colour of the plumage that compels attention, nor even the prominent ruff, but the antics indulged in, for as in the birds-of-paradise, and the hare, we see the reproductive drive run riot, expressing itself in what has been called an explosive fury.

Ruffs and reeves were once common in England, but they were trapped for food, and the draining of the fens finally destroyed their haunts. Since 1871 only the occasional bird has been seen. This year a group of ruffs have been seen displaying in Norfolk, and one hopes that it may again become established. Now we can only watch in an aviary at a zoo. In the wild state, in spring, each ruff takes up his position on a "court," a patch of ground about a yard across, where the grass becomes trampled down or the ground worn bare by his constantly running over it. There may be a dozen such courts close together, each with its ruff in occupation, and such groups of courts are called a "lek." The leks are held at the same places each year, the location and the meeting itself having a traditional and social aspect such as we associate with the village green.

him, he bounds up like a spring uncoiling, rushes at him and the two face each other. For a moment, each is extended to its full height, the legs stretched up, the body almost vertical, the tail depressed, and with the ruff fully expanded the birds present beak to beak, make one or two feinting stabs and retire. As they back away, each drops to the crouching position,

the feet, and all the rest is often accompanied by a violent trembling. Even when feeding or drinking, the tension is usually only partially relaxed. When dozing, on one leg, with the bill tucked into the feathers of the back and eyes apparently closed, the neck ruff is still raised, and the smallest disturbance in its vicinity suffices to end the bird's siesta and call forth all the feverish activity of display. On the rare occasions that a ruff goes into complete repose, the feathers fall into position along the neck, and it then looks little different from the reeve.

The ruff may be feeding or drinking, with neck feathers relaxed, but even the distant approach of another bird, whether another ruff or a bird belonging to another species, will cause the feathers to come up to the "ready." If the disturber of the peace is another ruff, feeding is forgotten as the whole plumage is brought up in display. Should a reeve now join them, the ruffs will go into a brief fever of short, quick rushes, vigorous thrusts with the beak at the empty air and all the actions of sham fighting—the fight in real earnest must be very rare. Meanwhile the reeve will be quietly feeding. The brief encounter may be even more intense if two or more neighbouring ruffs, by sheer chance, converge on one court. Then its occupant behaves as if seized by a frenzy, and will not only bustle unceremoniously any female that happens to be in his path but will show (sham) fight not only to the other ruffs but to any larger bird that may happen to wander across its court.

The contrast between the intense excitement of the ruff and the placid behaviour of the reeve

is brought out as a ruff runs excitedly round a reeve when she is doing no more than wandering across the lek in search of food. He will rear up at her in the typical fighting attitude, with tail depressed, ruff fully extended and body almost vertical so that he towers over her. Then he will as suddenly swing round and go into the typical crouch, hold it for a second, spring round and display at her with beak extended forward, dash in a circle round her, tower over her and, in fact, go feverishly through every portion of his repertoire, while she continues slowly walking as though he were not there.

The display, furious though it be, is purely reflex, but the nervous tension involved must be tremendous.



IN AGGRESSIVE DISPLAY AND SHOWING SHAM FIGHT TO A LARGER BIRD WHICH HAS WANDERED ON TO ITS COURT: A RUFF AT THE LONDON ZOO ADOPTING THE TYPICAL FIGHTING ATTITUDE, WITH TAIL DEPRESSED, RUFF FULLY EXTENDED AND WITH THE BODY RAISED UP.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

presenting his beak at his opponent, perhaps making as if to stab several times. Then, with extremely rapid steps, each retires and takes up once more the typical crouching attitude.

The courtship is brief, and for all their show, it is the lady that has the first word, and the last. When a reeve appears, the ruffs, each on his own court, take up the typical crouching attitude and remain motionless. She walks up to one of them, and pecks at his neck feathers with a nibbling action. Just as simply as this the reeve makes her choice. The reeve and her chosen ruff stay together for two to three days only, during which time they mate. The signal for mating is given by the reeve, who crouches low before a ruff in the usual submissive attitude.

On the other hand, the ruffs remain at their courts throughout the spring and into the

summer, and their dancing is continuous, although its proper function has already been fulfilled. The reeves do the incubating and a single brood only is raised. The fact that the ruffs remain at the lek for so long a period may ensure that any reeve late in coming into breeding condition is able to obtain a mate. On the other hand, there seems to be a great waste of nervous energy on the part of the ruffs. Indeed, the one strong impression derived from watching these displays is the contrast between the feverish activities of the ruffs and the apparent indifference of the reeves.

The typical crouching attitude, the fluffing-out of the feathers, the display of the ruff, the shuffling of



RESEMBLING THE FEMALE IN PLUMAGE AFTER THE AUTUMN MOULT: TWO RUFFS IN WINTER PLUMAGE FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FEMALES (ON RIGHT).

The Zoo ruffs are running true to form and within the limits of the aviary are holding court. We see them dance with a shuffling foot movement, or crouch motionless, with their ruffs fully extended. Or they will run around their courts in an erratic manner, sparring up to their neighbours with feathers fully displayed, all in very quick time.

The crouch is a typical pose. The legs are slightly bent, bringing the body low, the beak is held vertically, with the tip touching the ground. In this position, the ruff looks like a mass of feathers ending in the shield-like ruff in front, which all but obscures the head. He appears to be watching intently the ground between his feet, yet if a neighbour moves towards



SLIGHTLY SMALLER THAN THE RUFF, BUT RESEMBLING THE MALE IN THEIR PLUMAGE: TWO MOUNTED SPECIMENS OF THE REEVE FOR COMPARISON WITH THE RUFFS (ON LEFT).

This is underlined by a curious trick of going lame suddenly. A ruff will hop forward on one leg, holding the free leg as if it were damaged, and it will do this when the plumage is relaxed throughout, as though the nervous energy otherwise expended in plumage displays had been shunted along another pathway and is finding its way out at another point of the body. This mock injury looks quite absurd, but the height of absurdity was reached in one ruff which had wandered off to drink, away from the lek. He suddenly went into a most furious mock battle, with neither reeve nor ruff in sight. Presumably he had caught sight of his own reflection in the water.



RESTING DURING AN INTERVAL IN THE ALMOST CONTINUOUS DANCING AND SPARRING CEREMONIAL: A RUFF IN THE SLEEPING POSITION AT THE LONDON ZOO.



ABOUT TO RUSH AT AN INTRUDER ON HIS COURT: A RUFF, IN AGGRESSIVE DISPLAY, LOOKING LIKE A MASS OF FEATHERS ENDING IN THE SHIELD-LIKE RUFF IN FRONT.

ON our facing page Dr. Burton describes the ceremonial which marks the breeding season of ruffs and reeves, a wader formerly common in parts of this country but now known only as a bird of passage which does not breed here. Our photographs were taken at the London Zoo, where visitors have been able to watch the birds' extraordinary dancing and sparring. In the wild the ruffs assemble at the lek, a traditional ground revisited year after year. There each takes over a small area, known as its court. The ruffs occupy the lek throughout the spring and summer, during which time they are seized with the urge to dance, fight and generally to caper in a fantastic manner. These antics are related to the holding of a territory, and the ruffs' "explosive fury" is in contrast to the calmness and apparent indifference of the reeve (the female). The various forms of display are the result of intense nervous tension, which seems not to be relaxed even when the bird is resting.



IN THE TYPICAL CROUCHING ATTITUDE: A RUFF WITH ITS LEGS SLIGHTLY BENT AND THE BEAK BEING LIFTED FROM THE USUAL VERTICAL POSITION, WITH THE TIP TOUCHING THE GROUND, IN PREPARATION FOR A RUSH AT AN INTRUDER ON ITS COURT.



SHOWING THE NECK RUFF FULLY RAISED AND THE BODY FEATHERS FLUFFED OUT: A FRONT VIEW OF A RUFF IN AGGRESSIVE DISPLAY—A BALL OF "EXPLOSIVE FURY."



THE MATED PAIR: A RUFF WITH A REEVE—THESE BIRDS STAY TOGETHER FOR TWO TO THREE DAYS ONLY, DURING WHICH TIME THEY MATE.

THE DANCING RUFF: A CEREMONIAL NOW NORMALLY CONFINED IN THIS COUNTRY TO CAPTIVE BIRDS.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

CHELSEA, 1952.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Erinus alpinus and other small plants flowering within crevices in a most charming way. On one

rock I noticed an almost microscopic specimen of groundsel, self-sown in the tufa, a complete plant in flower, and no more than an inch high. A

most pleasing thing to meet amid the pomp and circumstance of the usual Chelsea exhibits!

In writing recently about the Judas-tree, I mentioned the Chinese species, *Cercis racemosa*, which I had never seen, but which, from description, sounded good. At Chelsea I saw fine flowering branches of it among the amateur exhibits of flowering trees and shrubs, and without doubt it is an attractive thing. The flowers, which are smaller than those of the common Judas-tree, are rosy pink, and are carried in short racemes like tiny pink laburnums.

At Chelsea last year I saw for the first time the new and astonishing *Meconopsis sherriffa*. This year I saw it again, on an exhibit from Scotland. The solitary specimen, with one single blossom, struck me as a plant of great beauty and promise. The cupped flower of crumpled silk, the size of a child's cupped hand, is a curious, subtle pink, most difficult to describe, but bright, lively and extremely attractive. I gather that this species seeds fairly freely in cultivation—in Scotland, at any rate—so that perhaps it will consent to settle down to domestic life in this country.

The giant exhibits, what one might call the set pieces, put up by the big seed firms, were as spectacular as ever, but I thought more overcrowded than usual, which was to their disadvantage—in my opinion. Perhaps it was for this reason that the one flower that caught my attention amid all the smashing colour in Messrs. Carter's exhibit was the one which was lowest and most subdued in colour-tone. This was a vase of *Ixia paniculata*. The slender, wiry stems of this species appear to be rather taller than those of the usual *Ixias* that one grows, and the blossoms, which have curiously long corolla-tubes, are of a soft, delicate buff colour. This looked to me an exceptionally attractive flower for cutting.

The Spanish garden was, without doubt, one of the pleasantest exhibits at Chelsea, 1952, with its simple but effective and characteristic architectural features, its gleaming, white walls and sombre cypresses, its canal fed by an avenue of water-jets, and its gay summer flowers grown in an assortment of pots, some of them as gay as the flowers they contained. It was fortunate indeed that this scrap of Southern enchantment enjoyed the one on-the-spot amenity needed to make it feel and look at home—brilliant sunshine. It really was basking in dazzling heat when I saw it. A typically Spanish garden in England, on the sort of grey and drenching day that England too often endures. No, it is not really suitable for our average summer climate. But one thing we can learn from such a garden as the Chelsea example—the use of gay summer plants grown in big pots, vases and tubs. Especially in small, walled-in gardens. In London and other town gardens, growing flowers in pots, vases and tubs would enjoy one inestimable boon—it would fox the London gardener's deadliest enemy—the cats.

It was my intention, when I set out for Chelsea Flower Show this year, to write some sort of an account of it. But when I got there,

whilst I was there, and as I came away, I felt completely overwhelmed by the magnitude and magnificence of the whole affair. In fact, my knees were as water, and I decided to allow myself the luxury of funking the task. In the end, however, I have decided to write a few random and untidy remarks about trivial things which interested me personally.

The first thing that I stopped to examine and admire was by no means trivial. It was Mrs. Constance Spry's exhibit of flower arrangements. I am always prepared to go out of my way to admire these exhibits, which are at once so brainy and so terrific, though I feel that they would need a lot of housing, a lot of furnishing up to, and a lot of living up to. The competitions for flower arrangements I avoid. They depress me, as it depresses me to see performing dogs or performing lions being made to do silly things they were never intended to do. Few seem capable of twisting flowers in a stylised conventional manner without making them look foolish or tiresome.

And so on to the great three-and-a-half-acre marquee. There the first thing I saw was a great bowl of "Garden Ranunculus" such as I have been growing this spring, and of which I wrote in a recent article. They were being arranged for Messrs. Kelway's group of outdoor flowers. The roots, I was told, were planted in the open last October, and had been given no winter protection. Later, I saw similar ranunculus being shown on several other exhibits. Amid the almost overwhelming colour around them, these lovely flowers looked outstandingly fresh and clean, with not a bad or garish colour-tone among them.

Very nearly half a century ago, when I first exhibited Alpine plants at—not Chelsea, but its predecessor, the Temple Flower Show—I used the beautiful blue-grey, waterworn limestone that comes from north-west Yorkshire and Westmorland. Reginald Farrer and I had small, table rock-garden exhibits in the open air, and we were the first to use this rock. Some firms showing Alpines made do with virgin cork bark as a substitute for rock. Since those early days the waterworn limestone has been used more than any other, both for exhibition purposes and for making permanent rock-gardens, and without doubt it is one of the very best rocks for the purpose. But I confess that I have grown just a little tired of seeing it year after year at Chelsea. It was therefore a pleasant relief to see one of the open-air rock-gardens this year built, and very well built, too, of the warmer, brown-toned Purbeck limestone.

Among the table rock-garden exhibits in the marquee it has been the same, almost invariably the blue-grey waterworn limestone. This year I noticed a welcome change in the Six Hills Nursery exhibit. My friend Frank Barker had used some mature, well-weathered tufa rocks. For years these rocks had formed a small rock-garden at Stevenage—I remember it well—and they had self-sown specimens of



"THE SPANISH GARDEN WAS, WITHOUT DOUBT, ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST EXHIBITS AT CHELSEA, 1952."

A vista through the entrance showing the canal lined with box hedges and interlacing fountain jets, the gleaming white walls and the dark-leaved shrubs in pots and tubs. As reported in an earlier issue, it was erected at Chelsea by William Wood and Son, of Taplow, to the instructions of the Sociedad de Amigos del Paisaje y Jardines de España, and much of the material—both plants and garden furnishings—was brought over from Madrid. It won a Gold Medal.



"GAY SUMMER FLOWERS GROWN IN AN ASSORTMENT OF POTS, SOME OF THEM AS GAY AS THE FLOWERS THEY CONTAINED": ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CHELSEA SPANISH GARDEN, SHOWING ALSO THE RED TILES OF THE PAVEMENT INTERSPERSED WITH SPANISH GLAZED TILES, WITH CASTLES, LIONS AND OTHER DEVICES UPON THEM.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

RIOTS IN KOREA AND JOHANNESBURG, AND ITEMS BRITISH AND AMERICAN.



THE SCENE AT HISTORIC CRATHES CASTLE, DEESIDE, WHEN THE CASTLE AND THE POLICIES WERE HANDLED OVER TO THE NATIONAL TRUST. THE EARL OF WEMYSS AND MARCH IS SPEAKING FROM THE TOP OF THE STEPS



SOME OF THE MAGNIFICENT TOPIARY IN THE GARDENS OF CRATHES CASTLE, WHICH HAVE BEEN HANDLED OVER TO THE NATIONAL TRUST WITH THE CASTLE.

On May 24 Crathes Castle, which was begun in 1553 and which has been in the possession of the Burnett family ever since, was formally handed over by Major-General Sir James Burnett of Leys, Bt., and received on behalf of the Trust by the Earl of Wemyss and March. The Castle is one of the finest examples of Scottish baronial architecture and the gardens are famed for their collections of plants, shrubs and trees, native and exotic.



THE GAUDILY DECORATED UNIFORM BLOUSE OF THE LEADER OF THE RIOTERS IN THE PUSAN P.O.W. CAMP.

Following the riots in the Kojé Island P.O.W. camp, further rioting broke out in a hitherto quiet P.O.W. medical camp near Pusan, on May 20. The rioting is believed to be linked with the transfer to the camp for medical treatment of prisoners from Kojé. In the riots one prisoner was killed and eighty-five injured, one guard also being injured.



ROYAL OAK DAY AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA: THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF, FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, TAKING THE SALUTE OF THE PENSIONERS.

On May 29, Oak-apple Day or Royal Oak Day was as usual celebrated at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, when the birthday and the restoration of Charles II., the Royal founder, were marked with a parade taken by Field Marshal Sir William Slim. In memory of Charles II.'s escape in the oak-tree at Boscombe after the Battle of Worcester, the pensioners all wore sprigs of oak-leaves.



AN AMERICAN 600-IN. "RADIO TELESCOPE" BEING EXPLAINED BY A U.S. TECHNICIAN TO A GROUP OF JAPANESE SCIENTISTS. AMERICAN SCIENTISTS RECENTLY REPORTED A RADIO SIGNAL REFLECTED BACK FROM THE MOON.



POLICE CHARGING THE CROWD OUTSIDE JOHANNESBURG CITY HALL TO BREAK UP DEMONSTRATIONS MADE IN PROTEST AGAINST THE ARREST OF MR. SOLLY SACHS.

On May 24 a large crowd demonstrated in Johannesburg against the arrest of Mr. Solly Sachs, the General Secretary of the Garment Workers' Union, who had spoken in public after being "named" under the South African Suppression of Communism Act, which forbids those "named" to attend public meetings. There were violent scenes and both police and demonstrators were described as



THE JOHANNESBURG RIOTS: MEN AND WOMEN LYING ON THE GROUND, AS POLICE, ARMED WITH STAVES AND BATONS, ATTEMPTED TO DISPERSE THE DEMONSTRATORS.

"having got out of hand." On May 26 the Garment Workers' Union staged a one-day strike, and on May 28 five women members of the Union chained themselves to pillars in the main street of Johannesburg in protest. Mr. Sachs, who had been arrested, released and re-arrested, was released on bail on May 27, on condition he did not attend any public gatherings.

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW STEP PYRAMID: A THIRD DYNASTY FIND AT SAKKARA.



FIG. 1. A RECONSTRUCTION MODEL OF THE STEP PYRAMID OF ZOSER AND THE "ETERNAL DWELLING" ENCLOSURE, WHOSE WALLS HAVE NOW BEEN EXACTLY PARALLELED IN NEW SAKKARA DISCOVERIES. (SEE FIGS. 5, 6 AND 7.)



FIG. 2. THE DEATH-MASK AND JEWELLERY OF THE LADY KA-NEFER-WY, FROM A SARCOPHAGUS OF THE TWENTY-SECOND DYNASTY DISCOVERED IN THE UPPER LAYER OF THE THIRD DYNASTY SITE BY M. GONEIM.

AS a result of making some trial pits south-west of the Pyramid of Unas at Sakkara during autumn, 1951, M. Zakaria Goneim, Keeper of the Antiquities of Sakkara, discovered a vast artificial terrace. On the site splinters of fine limestone were visible and bits of rubble masonry and masses of broken stone emerged at several points in such a way as to make a striking resemblance to some of the walls and massive structures in the enclosure of the Step Pyramid of Zoser. Research was put in hand to find the limits of the terrace and a great rectangle was revealed, with a north-south axis of 601 yards and an east-west axis of 186 yards. (The dimensions of the enclosure of the Step Pyramid of Zoser are 597 yards north-south, 304 yards east-west.) About 180 yards south of the northern wall and on the west side of the great terrace the remains of the western rampart formed a right-angle with another wall prolonging the first on the north side but about

[Continued right, above.]



FIG. 3. THE ENCLOSURE WALL OF THE ZOSER STEP PYRAMID ENCLOSURE, NOW EXACTLY PARALLELED (SEE FIGS. 5, 6, 7). HERE THE LIMESTONE BLOCKS ARE SMALLER THAN IN THE NEW FIND.



FIG. 4. THREE SLOPING WALLS, LEANING ON EACH OTHER, IN THE CHARACTERISTIC CONSTRUCTION OF A STEP PYRAMID: REVEALED BY M. GONEIM IN THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED ENCLOSURE AT SAKKARA AND FORMING PART OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN STEP PYRAMID.

[Continued.]

3 yards back from the alignment. This seemed to indicate either another monument built against the first or an enlargement on the north side. To solve this mystery, M. Goneim directed his main efforts to this point; and found, first, several walls running parallel and east-west and joined together by means of small cross walls; and, next, hit upon large blocks of fine white limestone arranged to form a flight of steps. This last he at first thought gave access to a tomb or some underground gallery. But when the steps were cleared it was soon realised that they had been contrived in later times in a massive wall of fine limestone to facilitate its exploitation as a quarry. This massive wall, constructed with bastions and redans, marked (at a certain

[Continued opposite, centre.]

ABANDONED 5000 YEARS AGO AND STILL INTACT: THE WALL WHICH LED TO THE FINDING OF A NEW PYRAMID.

Continued.

traces of the wall extend also for 131 yards. This magnificent wall presents exactly the same effect as the enclosure wall of the Step Pyramid (Figs. 1 and 3). The redans have the same breadth and depth, the redans and bastions have the same measurements and there is the same representation of doors with two closed leaves. However, there are two essential differences to be noted. The dimensions of the stones in this wall are much greater than those of Zoser's enclosure (Figs. 3 and 7). But, on the other hand, the fine limestone is employed much more thriftily in the casing. These two particulars are extremely important in the dating of the monument. It is certain that the disposition of the stones in this new wall, twice as high as those in Zoser's wall, must be later than that king. And the economy in the use of fine limestone in the casing also, and as definitely, points to a more rational and therefore more advanced method of construction. Before closing his field for this 1951-52 season,

(Continued below.)

FIG. 5. UNCOVERING THE LIMESTONE WALL IN THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED PYRAMID ENCLOSURE. LEFT UNCOMPLETED 5000 YEARS AGO, WHEN THE MASTER PLAN WAS ALTERED, AND STILL INTACT.

Continued.

stage in the construction of the entire monument) the northern limit of the enclosure of the whole monument (Figs. 5, 6, 7). But it had been abandoned during construction and the northern limit of the enclosure moved 180 yards further north. That it was abandoned during construction is proved by the fact that the bed of the sixth and uppermost course had not yet been levelled. In addition, several partition walls of coarse limestone lean directly against the faces of the redans and bastions; and the surfaces of these partition walls had not been smoothed but bear numerous quarry and masons' marks as well as levelling lines. This important section of wall, therefore, had been encased in the mass of the monument when the monumental enclosure was enlarged northwards. Owing to this last fact, this wall was found absolutely intact to the length of 87½ yards at the very stage when its construction was broken off 5000 years ago, when it had reached a height of 10 ft. 2 ins. Additional

(Continued above, right.)



FIG. 6. THE LIMESTONE WALL COMPLETELY UNCOVERED. IT IS EXACTLY LIKE THE SLIGHTLY EARLIER WALL OF ZOSER (FIG. 3), BUT MADE OF LARGER BLOCKS.

Continued.

M. Zakaria Goneim tried to find the traces of the central edifice of this immense quadrilateral. A trial pit sunk in the geometrical centre of the main rectangle soon uncovered a rubble wall of local limestone, the facing of which has a marked batter, and with the beds laid at right angles to the facing line (Fig. 4). When this trial pit was enlarged, it was realised that another wall, of the same formation, leaned against its south side and that a third was also built against the second. These walls, thus arranged in independent layers of beds perpendicular to the main face and leaning one on the other, can only be the vestiges of a step pyramid, since such a formation is an essential characteristic of such a construction. We have therefore here a new Step Pyramid, the remains of which stand only about 26 or 29 ft. above ground-level and which are situated in the centre of an enclosure similar to that of Zoser, but slightly later than it. It is hoped that the next season will provide us with the name of the owner of this monument; and it is quite possible that this may prove to be Sanakht, the successor of Zoser. Further excavations may reveal the sepulchre of the king and should this be, by some good fortune, still intact, it would throw most valuable light on a still obscure period—that which separates the Step Pyramid of Zoser from the Great Pyramids of Giza.



FIG. 7. THE REVERSE VIEW OF FIG. 6, TO SHOW THE REDANS AND BASTIONS. ITS HEIGHT IS 10 FT. 2 INS. AND ITS METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION IS SOMEWHAT MORE ADVANCED THAN THAT OF THE WALL WHICH SURROUNDS ZOSER'S STEP PYRAMID.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL TO VISCOUNT SOUTHWOOD, THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL. The Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children is this year celebrating the completion of its first 100 years' work. On May 27, H.R.H. the Princess Royal laid the foundation-stone of the new out-patients' building; and unveiled a memorial to the late Viscount Southwood (d. 1946), Chairman of the Hospital. He was chairman of The Illustrated London News and Sketch, and Illustrated Newspapers.



MR. BENJAMIN BRITTEN. Has been given permission by H.M. the Queen to write a special opera to mark the occasion of her Coronation. The opera will be produced at Covent Garden next summer. Mr. Britten, who is thirty-eight, has written four operas, "The Rape of Lucretia"; "Albert Herring"; "Peter Grimes" and "Billy Budd."



THE RT. REV. ALWYN WILLIAMS. Enthroned on May 27 as the 92nd Bishop of Winchester. Dr. Williams, who is sixty-three, had been Bishop of Durham from 1939 until recently; he was previously headmaster of Winchester College from 1924-34. In his first sermon in his new cathedral, Dr. Williams said he felt he was coming "home."



M. NGUYEN KHAC VE. Viet-Nam's new Minister Plenipotentiary in London, who is to present his credentials on June 10, arrived on May 17. Born in South Viet-Nam in 1896, he served as a magistrate for twenty-five years and was Judge of Appeal in Saigon before becoming Minister of Justice in 1947.



MAJ.-GEN. W. K. HARRISON. Has taken over the leadership of the United Nations delegation at the Korean truce talks in succession to Vice-Admiral C. T. Joy, who is taking over command of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. Major-General Harrison is Deputy Commander of the American 8th Army.



ENTERING THE ROYAL CAR AT BALMORAL STATION:

H.M. THE QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, arrived at Balmoral Castle on the morning of May 27 for their first Scottish holiday since her Majesty's accession to the Throne, and arranged to stay there until after the Whitsuntide holiday. Both her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh have been enjoying salmon fishing on the Dee.



GENERAL SIR OUVRY L. ROBERTS.

To be Quartermaster-General to the Forces, with effect from August, 1952, in succession to General Sir Ivor Thomas. General Sir Ouvry Roberts, who is fifty-four, has been G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command since 1949. Commissioned in the Royal Engineers in 1917, he was Vice-Adjutant-General at the War Office, 1945-47; and G.O.C. Northern Ireland District, 1948-49. He was educated at Cheltenham College and R.M.A., Woolwich.



OPENING THE GWENDOLINE E. DAVIES BEQUEST EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES, CARDIFF: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

The Duchess of Kent visited Cardiff on May 27 and opened an exhibition of French and English paintings bequeathed to the National Museum of Wales by the late Miss Gwendoline E. Davies, of Gregynog Hall. Our photograph shows her admiring "La parisienne," by Renoir, one of the most important works in the collection. It will be recalled that we illustrated this bequest in our issue dated January 5, 1952.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR PHILIP VIAN.

The Admiralty announced on May 27 that the Queen had approved, as a special case, the promotion of Admiral Sir Philip Vian to Admiral of the Fleet, to date from June 1, supernumerary to the present establishment of Admiral of the Fleet, in recognition of his "distinguished and outstanding services during the last war." Admiral Vian was in command of H.M.S. *Cossack*, which he ran alongside the German prison ship *Altmark* and rescued many British seamen.



THE AGA KHAN'S FIFTH DERBY WINNER: TULYAR, WITH C. SMIRKE UP, LED IN BY THE AGA KHAN.

As described on other pages in this issue, *Tulyar*, owned by H.H. the Aga Khan in partnership with his son the Aly Khan, and trained by M. Marsh, won the 1952 Derby. The Aga Khan, who has been indisposed, was not present at Epsom to see the race. It was run in 2 mins. 36½ secs., which is 2½ secs. outside *Mahmoud's* record time. *Tulyar*, smallest horse in the race, is C. Smirke's third Derby winner.



TO BE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, BRITISH ARMY OF THE RHINE: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR RICHARD GALE.

Lately Director-General of Military Training, War Office, and G.O.C.-in-C. designate Southern Command, Lieut.-General Sir Richard Gale has been appointed Commander-in-Chief, British Army of the Rhine, with effect from September, 1952, in succession to General Sir John Harding. He is fifty-five, and distinguished himself during World War II. as a commander of airborne troops.



RECALLED TO MOSCOW: MR. ZAROUBIN, THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN, SEEN HERE WITH HIS WIFE.

The Russian Embassy in London announced on May 29 that Mr. G. N. Zaroubin, who has been Soviet Ambassador in London since January, 1947, had been recalled to Moscow. It is understood that he will be returning to Russia about the middle of June to undertake a new post, and will not be coming back to London. Mr. Zaroubin, who is fifty-two, was previously Ambassador in Canada from 1944 to 1946.



ON THE ALERT OUTSIDE KOJE CAMP: A UNITED NATIONS TANK, POSTED IN A STRATEGIC POSITION, STANDING BY TO GO INTO ACTION IF NECESSARY.



SHOWING PRISONERS CARRYING OUT SELF-IMPOSED DRILLS: ONE OF THE LARGE COMPOUNDS ON KOJE ISLAND P.O.W. CAMP, WHERE RIOTS AND INSUBORDINATION HAVE OCCURRED. The activities of the turbulent Communist P.O.W.s on Kojé Island included riots, military drills and "trials" of non-Communist prisoners. The new Commandant, Brig-General Boatner, who has received U.N. reinforcements, has decided to break up the large compounds into smaller units which will be easier to control.



A FLOATING ISLAND OF ICE NEAR THE NORTH POLE: T3, OR FLETCHER'S ISLAND, SHOWING (FOREGROUND) THE DISABLED NAVAL AIRCRAFT AND (BACKGROUND) RESCUE AIRCRAFT.

U.S. scientists and Air Force personnel landed on T3—a floating ice island about four miles wide and nine miles long—last March, to determine the possibilities of establishing a weather station. One of the naval aircraft broke its landing-gear and other aircraft had to be flown to the rescue of the stranded men.



LOCATED BY INSTRUMENTS: THE NORTH POLE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 16,870 FT. FROM A U.S. AIRCRAFT.



VENICE IN DANGER: A TEAM OF WORKERS DRIVING PILES INTO THE BED OF A CANAL IN ORDER TO CONSTRUCT SUPPORTS FOR CRUMBLING BUILDINGS.



SHOWING THE ELABORATE WORK NECESSARY TO PRESERVE THE FOUNDATIONS OF HOUSES: VENETIANS WATCHING REPAIRS BEING CARRIED OUT IN THE BED OF A CANAL.

The Mayor of Venice announced recently that he is appealing to the Italian Parliament for assistance in the work of preserving Venice, the most beautiful and romantic city in Europe. The foundations of most of her buildings are in water, and maintenance is yearly becoming more difficult and expensive. The wash caused by the many motor-driven boats and launches, which have in recent years largely replaced the gondolas as means of transport along the canals, has, it is stated, increased the rate of erosion of the masonry.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

USING THE STAGE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ONE of my favourite scenes in any Pinero play has always been that colloquy between James Telfer (school-of-Crummles) and his wife in the wings of the Pantheon Theatre before the rehearsal of Tom Wrench's comedy, "Life." Mrs. Telfer, who has acted thirteen Queens in her time, is now the wardrobe mistress of the theatre. Her husband has come from the reading of the comedy, his part being confined to the second half of the second act. "It affords you no opportunity, James?" asks Mrs. Telfer, and he replies, "A mere fragment." "Well," she says bravely, "but a few good speeches to a man of your stamp—" And he has the unanswerable: "Yes, but this is so line-y, Violet; so very line-y."

When Milton Rosmer said this during the revival of "Trelawny of the Wells" (Lyric, Hammersmith), I reflected that no one could have complained in that way on the previous night. In "Dragon's Mouth" (Winter Garden), there are four people only; they talk at each other, and at us, with high determination, for a matter of two hours. There has been little attempt to disguise the business as a play. The people of the "dramatic quartet," who are on board a yacht in an inlet of the Caribbean coast, merely sit in a row on stools behind a rope, and throw around the ball of dialogue. Their four-square arrangement is hardly ever disturbed. In that sense at least we might say that the play is "too line-y, so very line-y." In that sense, but no other.

The talk, devised by J. B. Priestley and Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes, is often stimulating; so it should be, seeing that it moves through most of the major

nothing more could happen, that the stage would not be used, that the expected excitements of the theatre had shrunk to this little measure.

Mr. Priestley, in a programme note, says that the quartet "does not depend upon the overworked visual effects of contemporary entertainment." Agreed, one

act; Yvonne Mitchell, the cheerful chatterbox of the party—as the Wells soubrette; Jean Cadell, flutteringly correct as Miss Trafalgar ("That would hardly have been in place"); Milton Rosmer and Dorothy Green as the Telfers whom the "dandified people" will push from their stools; and Patricia Burke, though Imogen is not a part that sticks in the memory, as the actress bound from the Royal Olympic to the Pantheon.

At the première the production went awry in the first act, when Rose's farewell party was cluttered and fussed and there was one unhappy bit of over-playing. The cast recovered confidence in Cavendish Square; thenceforward there was no trouble, though one or two parts seemed more obtrusive than necessary: the low comedian, for example, and the stage-manager. (Maybe the actors can reply that these parts are obtrusive anyway.) I find still that, like Tom Wrench's comedy, "Trelawny" "buzzes continually in my head." Pinero would have said that he wrote it with that intention.

If "The Trial of Mr. Pickwick" (Westminster) buzzes also, the reason, I fear, is exasperation. Stanley Young has "arranged" the novel with the tact of a man who collects the best furniture from all parts of a house, and who bangs it down in two or three rooms with no thought of style or

fitness. This is using the stage in the wrong way. I never expected to meet a production in which Tupman's love scenes are allotted to Pickwick, and in which Jingle gives evidence at the Trial. Peter Copley's swish-and-flaunt as Jingle does more than anything else for a trying night.

There are twenty-five people in "Pickwick"; six in "Sweet Madness" (Vaudeville), Peter Jones's



"A CLUMSY 'ARRANGEMENT' OF DICKENS": "THE TRIAL OF MR. PICKWICK," BY STANLEY YOUNG, AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE, A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING THE UPROAR IN COURT. MR. PICKWICK (CENTRE, LEFT) IS PLAYED BY BARTLETT MULLINS, AND JINGLE (RIGHT, IN TOP HAT) BY PETER COPLEY.

should go to the theatre, first of all, to hear a play; but there should be some visual effect as well. "Dragon's Mouth," as given to us, is the material of a radio play (an uncommonly static one) presented in a theatre. The cast, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Rosamund John and Norman Wooland, speaks most intelligently, often with what the author calls the "free use of an oratorical style."

It was strange to go from this, on the next night, to Pinero and the Theatre Theatrical in "Trelawny of the Wells." Here is a "comediotta" that, though it has often run into trouble with the critics, continues obstinately to live, because it has in it the real stuff of the theatre. Shaw in 1898, though guarded, admitted that "Trelawny" had touched him more than anything Pinero had written. (This notice includes the acute passage: "It is significant of the difference between my temperament and Mr. Pinero's that when he, as a little boy, first heard 'Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,' he wept; whereas, at the same tender age, I simply noted with scorn the obvious plagiarism from 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer.'") By 1910, when "Trelawny" had arrived at the Duke of York's in the Frohman repertory, critics were talking about the piece as "frankly old-fashioned," and mourning Pinero's inelastic dialogue. We have heard much the same thing during the last few weeks; but "Trelawny" survives. It is constructed with craft, even if Pinero, I think, yielded to temptation when he introduced the fourth-act pastiche of a Robertson play; and certainly it does take the heart. How else explain the silence (disturbed by an occasional furtive sniff) on the first night at Hammersmith, while Harcourt Williams—as the Vice-Chancellor—was remembering Kean?

The scene conquers both because of the delicacy with which Pinero wrote it, and because Harcourt Williams plays it with so much authority and intensity that we know it to be true: that the old man with the husky-rustling voice is indeed recalling Kean's Richard, re-living his own youth. That performance alone is enough to burnish the revival. There are others: Barbara Jefford's Rose Trelawny (of Cornish origin, I hope) once she has safely passed the first



"AMIALE NONSENSE ABOUT LOVE AND PSYCHIATRY": "SWEET MADNESS," A SCENE FROM THE LIGHT COMEDY BY PETER JONES AT THE VAUDEVILLE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) VALENTINE CRISP (RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH); JANET ANDREWS (GERALDINE MCEWAN) AND HANS KLEIN (MARTIN MILLER).

topics. The four people are not only men and women; they stand also, "morality" fashion, for Intellect, Sensuousness, Emotionalism and the Will. Their characters are intricately developed, but we feel all the while how much more absorbing this development would be if it were presented to us in the shape of a play. Instead, as the evening proceeds, we are addressed as if we were a public meeting (true, no doubt). After some ninety minutes, attention is apt to stray from the texture of the speeches and their eloquent delivery. This is a good scheme for unloading ideas: as an experiment it has its interest. For my part, I became worried by the frustrating thought that



"PINERO'S COMEDY OF THE THEATRE IN THE EARLY 'SIXTIES, AND OF THE SHOCKED GENTILITY OF CAVENDISH SQUARE, RETURNS AS FRESHLY AS EVER": "TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS'" AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH; A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) CLARA (GILLIAN HOWELL); DE FOENIX (PETER MARTYN); SIR WILLIAM (HARCOURT WILLIAMS); MISS TRAFALGAR (JEAN CADELL) AND (IN THE FOREGROUND) ROSE TRELAWNY (BARBARA JEFFORD) AND ARTHUR GOWER (JOHN FORREST).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"URANIUM 235" (Embassy).—Theatre Workshop uses expressionist methods in an energetic cautionary tale. (May 12.)
 "DRAGON'S MOUTH" (Winter Garden).—The subtly-spoken "dramatic quartet," by J. B. Priestley and Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes, that in effect turns theatre to lecture-hall. (May 13.)
 "TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS'" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Pinero's comedy of the theatre in the early 'sixties, and of the shocked gentility of Cavendish Square, returns as freshly as ever; Harcourt Williams is remarkable as the Vice-Chancellor. (May 14.)
 "THE TRIAL OF MR. PICKWICK" (Westminster).—A clumsy "arrangement" of Dickens. (May 15.)
 "SLAVONIC RHAPSODY" (Cambridge).—Exhilarating Yugoslav folk-dances. (May 19.)
 RUTH DRAPER (Criterion).—The English bazaar, the Maine porch, the New York office, the actress's room: Miss Draper and her unseen company still delight us. (May 20.)
 "FIRST TIME HERE" (Watergate).—The first undeveloped sketch of a song-and-dance revue. (May 20.)
 "SWING BACK THE GATE" (Irving).—Memories of intimate revue in the 'thirties. (May 21.)
 "SWEET MADNESS" (Vaudeville).—Peter Jones's amiable nonsense about love and psychiatry. (May 21.)

bright, slight jest about an eccentric young man, a girl and a psychiatrist (a good hot-weather joke); and, in the person of Ruth Draper (Criterion), a cast that I find it hard to count. As usual, Miss Draper can muster a regiment without the slightest effort. Looking back now, I remember more about her night at the Criterion, and her method of using the stage, than about the entire two-hours debate of "Dragon's Mouth" and its free use of an oratorical style.



"ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA BEING DRESSED BY HER MAIDS": A PORTRAIT GROUP BY HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS LOUISE HOLLANDINA (1622-1709), A PUPIL OF HONTHORST, IN WHICH THE FURNISHINGS OF THE DRESSING-TABLE ARE CAREFULLY DEPICTED AND INCLUDE OBJECTS WHICH HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED BY EXPERTS AS FALSE TEETH.

THIS remarkable portrait group of Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia (1596-1662), known in her lifetime as "The Queen of Hearts" on account of her "winning princely comportment," is on view at the Loan Exhibition of the Brunswick Art Treasures (property of H.R.H. the Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg), which opened recently at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and will continue until August 24. It was painted by her daughter, Princess Louise Hollandina, and shows the Queen seated at her dressing-table, with maids arranging her *coiffure*. The objects on the dressing-table include a standing mirror, a book held open by a pair of spectacles, a comb, jewels, scissors on a bandage, a box of pills, a reel of cotton, cosmetics in pots, a pair of tweezers, green leaves and, on a small tray, two objects which have been identified by experts as dentures. Elizabeth of Bohemia, eldest daughter of James I. and Anne of Denmark, is an ancestress of Queen Elizabeth II. through her daughter Sophia, who married the Elector of Hanover and was the mother of King George I. After her husband, the Elector Palatine Frederick V., had failed in his rash Bohemian adventure, she spent years in exile in Holland.



ROUGE ON A PAPER, A BOOK, SPECTACLES, SCISSORS ON A BANDAGE, COSMETICS IN POTS, PILLS, GREEN LEAVES, A COMB, JEWELS, A REEL OF COTTON, AND WHAT ARE BELIEVED TO BE DENTURES: DETAIL OF ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA'S DRESSING-TABLE.

DID THEY WEAR DENTURES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY? A PICTURE WHICH PROVIDES A PROBLEM FOR EXPERTS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THE very last thing one expects in state-of-the-world novels is a fluent charm. Commonly they are moulded on the theme, and are at pains to take after it. But "Patrice Périot," by Georges Duhamel (Dent; 11s. 6d.), is moulded on its leading character—and the effect is charming.

Patrice is a biologist, advanced in years, and half-nonsensically famous. He deserves his laurels, but they have come to him by chance. In 1935 he won the Gordon Pain prize for research, awarded by the University of Massachusetts. Therewith he leapt into the headlines. This was a fact the journalists could grasp; it was a score for France; it made him instantly "the greatest scientist of the twentieth century." No one, of course, has any notion what his fame is about. However, on the strength of it he has become an asset to all causes, undertakings and ambitious strivings. And he is hopelessly good-natured. He can't refuse to give a testimonial, to lend his name in a good cause, to sign a manifesto, to address a meeting. . . . And so, of course, the whole world is for ever at him.

Meanwhile his true concern, his work and family, are being neglected. His wife is dead; the children are grown up, but difficult and quarrelsome—and perhaps they need him, though one would hardly guess it from their manner to him. Thierry, the "little saint," is the most loving, and certainly the happiest, though rather wearing with his "absolute truth." Christine has found another absolute; she is a bitter Communist. Hervé seems out-and-out a problem, a tormented soul. Patrice is warned to "keep an eye on him"—but how? Even if he had time, he would have no idea.

And why does Christine treat him like an enemy? He shares most of her views; most of the speeches and the manifestoes are on her side. Indeed, his friends are calling him a fellow-traveller. But that he won't accept; he is a free man, a lover of the common people, holding aloof from politics and signing what he thinks right. It is absurd to talk of his being made to sign. . . .

Such is his innocent belief. And then, in rapid and distressful stages, he becomes enlightened. It seems that in the Party's eyes he is a fellow-traveller, and that a fellow-traveller is bound to go the whole way. If he protests, he is a "renegade."

Yet the concluding note is temperately hopeful. And Patrice's kindness of heart, his whimsical intelligence, his warmth, his humour, his endearing frailties, wrap the whole story in a climate of its own, and keep all gloom at bay.

"A Matter of Conscience," by Werner Bergengruen (Thames and Hudson; 12s. 6d.), is equally determined by its central figure: but not at all on the same lines. Frankly, I hadn't heard the author's name. But we are told that he is famous on the Continent; that he was expelled from Hitler's "Ministry of Literature" in 1937; that in the latter part of Hitler's War he went underground. All this is relevant, because his subject here is a dictator, an enlightened tyrant. It is a story of Renaissance Italy; and "In the manner of its telling it seeks to diminish our faith in the perfection of man." So the preamble says. One might well ask what faith; and one may also question if, in that case, it is told quite right.

But it is admirably gripping, subtle and compact. The Grand Prince of Cassano is as smooth as smooth. He was the architect of his own power; he has destroyed clan-rule, and made the city flourish. But what he is, no one can tell—not even Nespoli, who runs his secret police, and trusts him no more than he would an adder. It is with Nespoli that the involvements start. One night, the Grand Prince lays a special task on him. A diplomatic agent has been stabbed; he has three days to find the criminal.

And he has not a clue. All his researches peter out. He can't think where to turn; and he is maddened by the Prince's needling, his velvet threats . . . and so temptation creeps in. Not only does he fall, but he corrupts his mistress. And she corrupts those nearest her—and so it goes, till one man's death has spread corruption through the whole town. Meanwhile the Prince, "like power divine, has looked upon their passes"; and finally they are called up for judgment. The Grand Prince is an artificial character; this is an artificial tale. But it is extraordinarily firm and brilliant.

"The Brackenford Story," by Michael Home (Methuen; 14s.), seems by comparison naïve; it makes one feel we English are an artless lot. But on the other hand, it deals with solid, ordinary living, and with social changes as they really work out.

Though, to be sure, the author has a "thesis." He is a spokesman for the good old days, when Brackenford, under its squire and parson, led a happy life; when William Downes started as boot-boy at the Hall; when Clark, the Radical, was a mere crank. That was in 1887. Will dreams of rising to be butler—and not in vain. Clark dreams resentfully of a Utopia, where squire and parson will be found no more. And after sixty years, although he does not live to see it, that has come true as well. Both Hall and Vicarage are gone. And yet, for all that, William's is the right side.

Of course, the early scenes have the most charm; as time goes on, the tone grows more polemical and bitter. And the plot is nothing; but the social pageant takes one along.

In "French Strikes Oil," by Freeman Wills Crofts (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), our friend, in spite of his exalted station, is allowed a jaunt to Somerset, on what appears to be a dud job. One of the Vales of Cheddar House has been run over in the small hours at a level-crossing. Everything speaks of misadventure, and the only puzzle is what took him there. An explanation offers, in a lady's glove; but that is just what the Chief Constable can't swallow. Yet for all French can see, it was a pukka accident—or was it? Aren't there one or two queer features? May not the dead man's brothers, and his cousin, and his cousin's wife, have something to conceal? Of course they have; and equally of course, the Superintendent digs it all out.

It may sound odd to call this web of arson, murder and conspiracy a quiet tale; but such is French's stabilising influence. And very nice too. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LAST CANDLES OF THE REGENCY.

IN 1876 Disraeli, having resigned as Prime Minister, amplified the original preface to "Henrietta Temple" and added to the portrait of the hero, Count Alcibiades de Mirabel (who was Count d'Orsay without disguise) these lines: " . . . the inimitable d'Orsay, the most accomplished and the most engaging character that has figured in this country, who, with the form and universal genius of an Alcibiades, combined a brilliant wit and a heart of quick affection, and who, placed in a public position, would have displayed a courage, a judgment, and a commanding intelligence which would have ranked him with the leaders of mankind."

Disraeli, in common with a very large number of his contemporaries in all the countries he lived in, fell under the spell of the remarkable being whom Mr. Willard Connelly, in his "Count d'Orsay" (Cassell; 25s.), calls the "Dandy of Dandies."

Disraeli, like Napoleon III. in exile, owed the incomparable Count an immense debt of gratitude, for d'Orsay brought out and developed the young politician with the same enthusiasm as he espoused the Bonapartist cause and secured for Louis-Napoleon a firm base for his operations on this side of the Channel. Like Louis-Napoleon, Disraeli did not show himself intensely eager to acknowledge the debt when d'Orsay fell on evil days, though the d'Orsay-made politician kept in closer touch with him than the d'Orsay-made Emperor. The career of this last flowering of the Regency is traced with much erudition, at great length and with some gusto—though, curiously enough, d'Orsay's dandyism attracts proportionately curiously little attention. He excelled in all sports, while at the same time he was an artist of no small merit—a gift which in his years of misfortune did much to relieve his financial difficulties. It was, however, as a social figure, first in the curious *ménage à trois* with Lord and Lady Blessington, and then, after the death of the restless, ridiculous, but curiously endearing Irish peer, in the *ménage à deux* with his relict, and, as she had become, mother-in-law, that he excelled. Lady Blessington may have been a rattle and a determined lion-hunter, but to her salon at Gore House there came all those who were attracted by the biggest lion of the age—d'Orsay himself. It is difficult to visualise the social supremacy of the good-looking young Frenchman, whom statesmen of all nations were eager to consult, and whose lightest sartorial whim was law, in a period when Brummel was a faded memory. All who knew d'Orsay bear witness to his charm, kind-heartedness and generosity. Though there were many different views at the time on Lady Blessington, and the scurrilous papers of a scurrilous age made the most out of the relationship, one cannot but admire the indefatigable Irishwoman who, when the financial sky was overcast, for so long maintained the salon by her busy and exhausting scribbles, in which their happy relationship with Byron appeared so conspicuously. Everything that d'Orsay did, from entertainment to the cut of his cravats or his coats, was on the grand scale—even his debts, which finally overwhelmed him. (They amounted to well over £100,000.) The trouble about d'Orsay was that he never occupied the "public position" to which Disraeli referred. Dandyism (which has no necessary effeminate connotation), like its concomitants, charm and brilliance in conversation, is essentially evanescent. So poor d'Orsay in his tomb beside Lady Blessington in the cemetery in Chambourcy, in spite of all the erudition, in spite of all Mr. Connelly's evocation of the period, is no more than a gorgeous ghost among the last candles of the Regency, guttering to extinction in their sconces.

At a time when d'Orsay, a Frenchman, was making England his adopted home, a Yorkshireman with a French name, Benjamin Henry Boneval Latrobe, was setting off for the New World to become one of the leading figures and one of the most charming chroniclers of Louisiana, then but recently sold to the United States by France. His experiences are contained in "Impressions Respecting New Orleans," edited by Samuel Wilson, Jr. (Columbia University Press; published in this country by Geoffrey Cumberlege and the Oxford University Press; 57s. 6d.). The "impressions," which consist of diaries and notes covering the years 1818 to 1820, provide an interesting picture of this Franco-Spanish colony—sleepy, charming, aristocratic and backward, passing quickly and inexorably under the control of the active, pushful Presbyterian American business men who flooded in. Latrobe was far in advance of his contemporaries, whether in England, France or the United States, on such questions as the treatment of the Indians and the cruelties of the slave trade. His French ancestry, his Yorkshire youth and his clarity of mind make him refreshingly objective, and show him to be the possessor of a Johnsonian mind "cleared of cant."

A stay-at-home, and a man of the people was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The dreamy, idealistic, quarrelsome poet was of origin sufficiently humble to be able to write in 1797 that "the time may come in which it will be useful to be able to prove myself a genuine 'sans culotte'—my veins uncontaminated with one drop of gentility." This reference appears in "The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," edited and introduced by Kathleen Raine (Grey Walls Press; 12s. 6d.). Coleridge was, of course, originally a woolly

revolutionary, embracing an odd creed, the product of Rousseau and the French Revolution, called "Pantisocracy," and hailing his fellow-poet and "Pantisocrat" Robert Southey as "Great Republican." Southey was cured of this youthful fever earlier, and the pair of them ended up their lives execrated by good Radicals for their wicked Tory views. The letters throw a pleasant, if at times pathetic, light on the weak character who wrote some of the finest lines in the English language.

Skipping back a century to "Blundell's Diary and Letter Book, 1702-1728," edited by Margaret Blundell (Liverpool University Press; 20s.), we come on an authentic slice of early eighteenth-century England. The Blundells were Catholic squires in the North-west, who somehow survived the ferocious persecution to which, like all their co-religionists, they were subjected. Miss Blundell, as Dr. Arthur Bryant says in his foreword, is one of the "front line soldiers of the Muse, Cleo" who, "after her long researches, rewards us, not with dry-as-dust, but with a picture, intimate and substantial, of a vanished world."—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT was some time before I realised that the sufferer of the astonishing reversal of fortune in this week's game was my old friend ex-British Girls' and British Ladies' Champion Elaine Saunders. Apparently she does not intend to emulate her illustrious predecessor Vera Menchik and retain for chess play the maiden name under which she earned fame. Played at Southsea at Easter:

French Defence.

Mrs. E. Pritchard.	J. Poole.	Mrs. E. Pritchard.	J. Poole.
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K4	P-K3	5. P-K5	KKt-Q2
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	6. BxB	QxB
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	7. B-Q3	P-QR3
4. B-KKt5	B-K2	8. QKt-K2	

Though it may appear artificial, the idea of this move is perfectly sound—to build up a powerful phalanx of pawns by P-QB3 and P-KB4.

I feel that White's centre should now have been attacked by . . . P-B3.

9. P-QB3	8. P-QB4	10. P-KB4	PxP
12. B-Kt1	Kt-Kt3	16. Q-Q3	P-KKt3
13. P-QKt3	B-Q2	17. P-KR4	QR-QB1
14. P-QR3	Kt-QB3	18. P-R5	B-K1
15. Kt-KB3	Castles (K)	19. PxP	

Exchanges relieve a cramped position—that is a hoary old maxim of chess—and by recapturing . . . BPxP, Black secures precious air for his queen, bishop and, most of all, king's rook. So White would have preferred to defer this capture, but it is difficult to see how this can satisfactorily be done; e.g., 19. Kt-Kt5, P-B3; 20. PxBP, RxP; or 20. Kt x RP, QxKt and White's RP is pinned; or 21. R-R3, P-B4! or 20. Q-R3, PxKt, and what now? White's attack is not worth a piece; perhaps because her development is in arrears.



19. BPxP 20. Kt-Kt5 P-KR4

Again White probably wasted precious time confirming that 21. Kt x KP, QxKt; 22. R x P is just not quite good enough. 22. . . . R-B2 is one good defence. But White's next move allows a totally unexpected riposte which completely changes the outlook.

21. P-KKt4	R×P!!	23. R×P	
22. Kt×R	Q×Kt		
Ingenious, but 23. Kt-K2 might have been wiser: 23. ... Q×KtP; 24. R-Ktr.			
	23. Q×Kt	26. R×Kt	R×R
24. QR-R2	Kt×QP	27. Q×R	P×R
25. B-B2	Kt×Beh	28. P×P	Q-K5ch

White resigns. O quæ mutatio rerum!



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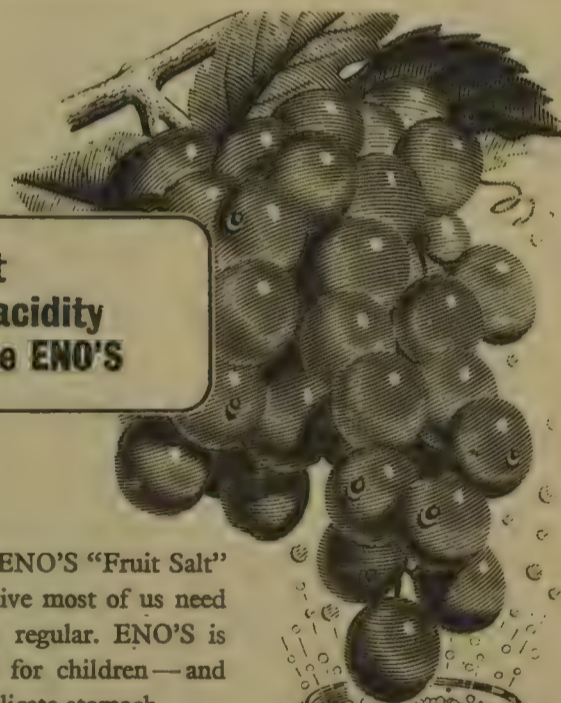
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Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road.



Madame la voyante

MADAM THE FORTUNE-TELLER

a scruté ma paume et elle a

HAS CAREFULLY PERUSED MY PALM AND HAS

prononcé doctement, "Mon-

SAGELY PRONOUNCED.

"SIR,

sieur, j'y vois plusieurs grands

I SEE HERE SEVERAL LARGE

verres de Dubonnet."

GLASSES OF DUBONNET "

(Évidemment la dame

CLEARLY THE LADY

est douée de seconde vue!)

HAS SECOND SIGHT!

Have you tried Dubonnet as a long summer drink?

Here's how:— Pour a man-sized measure of Dubonnet into a man-sized glass. Top up with soda and toss in a slice of lemon. Add ice if available. Swallow. Delicious! Refill. Swallow. Etcetera.

DUBONNET

does not affect the liver



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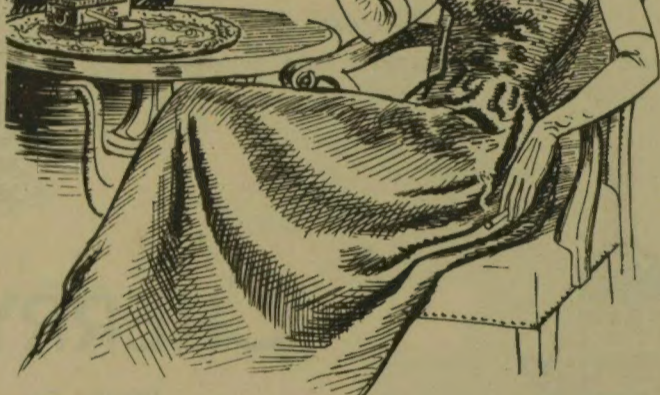
Glavya

SCOTCH LIQUEUR

John, What does Glavya mean?

It means "very good", Veronica.

It's a very good name for it too, John.



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at the

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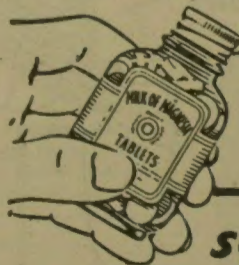
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Andy ADAGES N°38



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MAKE LIGHT
WORK, especially
when wearing
ANDY Garden
Gloves. These
hard-wearing,
long-lasting
gloves protect the

hands against scratches and infection. They can be washed over and over again and still remain comfortable and pliable.

THESE ARE THE GLOVES YOU
HAVE HEARD ABOUT

4/11 per pair from all Iron-
mongers & Stores, or direct
5/2 post free. (State size)
TEDSON THORNLEY & CO.
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Andy
GARDEN GLOVES

MOUNT EVEREST

in colour on

ILFORD

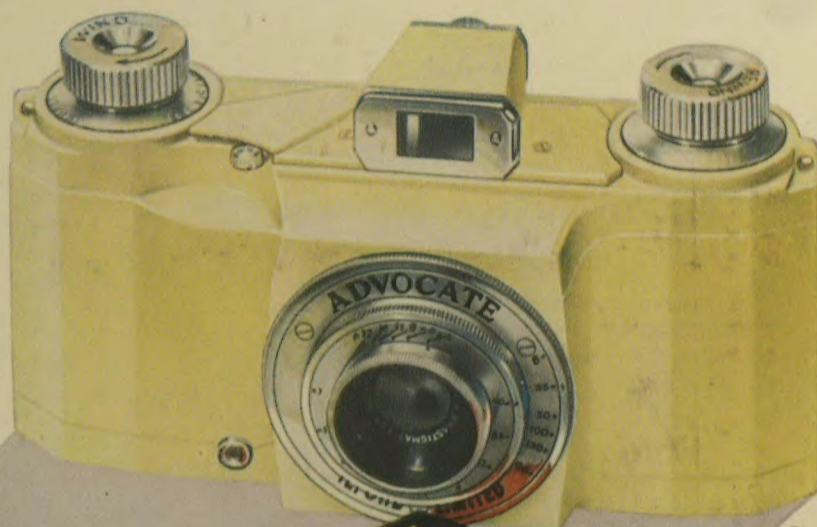
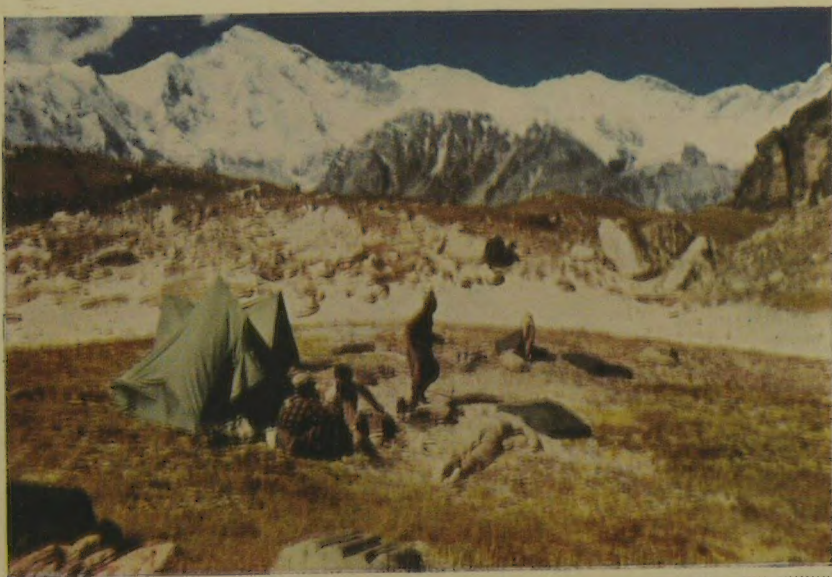
Colour Film 'D'

and an ILFORD

Advocate 35mm Camera

These colour pictures were taken during the 1951 Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition under the leadership of Mr. Eric Shipton. They were made on Ilford Colour Film 'D' with an Ilford Advocate 35 mm camera.

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A Kodachrome photograph

A fine city, NORWICH

The lovely old parish church of St. Peter Mancroft, the Queen Anne buildings nestling beneath its shadow, and the gaily coloured tilts of the market stalls would immediately spell "Norwich" to any exile from this "city of a thousand years." The scene must have been a familiar one to Thomas Bignold when he founded the Norwich Union Insurance Societies in an office overlooking the market place more than 150 years ago. No doubt he hoped the business he started would thrive and expand with the passing years, but did he ever dream that one day the Norwich Union would have millions of satisfied policyholders throughout the world?



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Branches and Agencies throughout the world

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